

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 788.—2 July, 1859.—Third Series, No. 66.

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SIR DAVID BREWSTER.*

THE Scotchman looks in vain beyond the last fifty years for the intellectual glory of his country. That mental vigor and depth and capacity and perspicacity which so distinguish the Scottish mind, had only flashed out in premonitory scintillations before the scepticism of Hume aroused it from its sleep of ages, and developed it in all its thoughtful majesty and strength. While England was listening to the graphic and glowing strains of the accomplished Chaucer, Scotland was imbibing ferocity from the screamings of the slogan; and when England had given to mental philosophy and poetry a Bacon, a Locke, a Shakespeare, and a Milton, her northern sister had still to deplore the sterility of her genius. It is true that Sir David Lindsay and Dunbar had struck the harp to higher strains than those which generally characterized Scottish poetical expression; and that John Knox and George Buchanan had invested Scotch controversy with a wild and earnest genius, as well as high scholastic dignity; these, however, were only the precursory flashes of a deeply hidden fountain of mental fire. They shone amidst a nation rude and stern and dark; as if to let that nation know her innate strength of mind and the capacities which she possessed for assuming a dignified position in the arena of intellect.

There is no doubt that Scotland was never destitute of minds of the first order and power. Fierce, fiery energy, and indomitable courage, joined to speculative ideality were always characteristics of the Scotch; but these qualities were for centuries only exhibited upon the field of war, or the field of polemical strife; and the men who might have enlightened a grateful world with the light of art or poetry or mental philosophy or science, passed away into a dark oblivion, after having struggled their brief hour upon the stage of local controversy. It is scarcely half a century since Scotland could claim a respectable place in the catalogue of British literature or science; within the compass of that short period, however, she has most effectively presented herself in the van of thinking, teaching nations. The garland of warlike pre-eminence which she had worn with pride upon her hectic brow for nearly nineteen centuries, red reeking with the blood of

her foemen, and of her sons and daughters murdered to satisfy the passions born of feudalism, has been cast aside to wither, or to be regarded as an object of inferior interest; and the voice of her genius has suddenly swelled into a symphony of glory, speaking in the holiest strains of poetry, in the deepest tones of Christian philosophy, in the most humanizing expressions of mechanical power, and in the most exalted eloquence of art. If Scotland could present no parallel to the array of great literary names which graces the annals of England at the epoch of the Reformation and Commonwealth, the era of the first French Revolution finds her second to no country in the majesty of her intellectual soul. In Reid, Brown, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, and Sir James Mackintosh, she exhibited that philosophical courage and illustrious virtue which were essentially requisite to successfully combat with the subtle scepticisms of Hume. In Burns, she gave to the world a poet as versatile as Shakespeare, and a lyricist as burning as Sappho. Her Scott was the Colossus of history, poetry, and romance; her Jeffrey the Aristarchus of literary criticism, and the Cicero of the forensic tribune; while to the mechanical genius of her James Watt the industrial world bends in grateful homage.

In fifty years the Scottish mind made itself a fame as illustrious as other nations have done in centuries. Bold, enterprising, and indomitable, her sons went abroad to conquer the realms of science, and to bring to her shrine the chaplets of loftiest literary honor. They explored the interiors of regions before the unknown dangers of which a Columbus or a Gama would have quailed; they tracked the courses of rivers over burning deserts and rocky valleys, where the simoom sported with the lives of the daring travellers, and the red-hot sun glared down in wonderment upon their pale faces. They followed the sceptic through the arcana of nature, reconciling the cosmogony of revelation with the discoveries of modern science, and refusing infidelity upon the material basis of its self-assumed arguments. Wherever mind could exercise a legitimate majesty, Scotchmen have majestically exercised it. In every region subject to human dominance they have asserted a special dominion.

To Sir David Brewster incontestably belongs the greatest name on the roll of scientific Scotchmen. Although only a profes-

* Written some years ago.

nor in what may be termed an obscure Scottish university, he has acquired a cosmopolitan reputation and an imperial throne beside the Humboldts and Aragos of Europe. His has been one of the world's great voices, speaking to humanity from the depths of a studious experience, and awakening the echoes of an active and productive futurity by the originality and variety of his discoveries.

There is nothing that excites the wonder of a reflective being so much as the power and influence of genius; it speaks with heart, soul, and mind; and the hearts, souls, and minds of common men are inevitably moved by its power. It struggles through the sternest difficulties, bearing above the reach of fate and the adversities of circumstances the idea which constitutes its life; and it strides on from disappointment to disappointment, and from injustice to injustice, until it attains to sympathy and competent criticism. The progress of Sir David Brewster through life has been (like that of all men of genius) a progress of toil and disappointment and injustice; it has also been an illustrious and noble progress, however; illustrious in this, that the greatest savants in the world have distinguished him and honored him; and noble, inasmuch that the warmth of his heart and the enthusiasm of his nature have increased with his years.

Sir David Brewster is a native of the town of Jedburgh, in Roxburghshire; where he was born on the 11th of December, 1781. The family of the illustrious savant is distinguished for vigor and originality of mind, and in his earliest years he exhibited these family characteristics. He early acquired the ordinary branches of a Scottish education; and, having shown himself to be possessed of great aptitude for learning, he was sent to complete his studies for the ministry of the Church of Scotland at the University of Edinburgh. At the university the same rapidity of comprehension and masculine depth of thought (grown more acute and stronger by exercise) which had distinguished his boyhood's career, distinguished his adolescence, and indicated the future destiny of the man. While scarcely recognized as a young man by those coeval with him, he was admitted to the intimate fellowship and friendship of the then distinguished professor of natural philosophy, Robison; of the famous Playfair, professor of mathematics; and the great Dugald Stew-

art, who filled the chair of moral philosophy. At the age of nineteen he had won from the university the honorary title of M.A., and subsequently he obtained a license to preach the gospel as a minister of the Scottish Established Church. The genius of the young licentiate had, prior to this period, however, been moving in its own spontaneous course; and had now attained a force which no circumstances were able to counteract, and a direction which no prospects of professional preferment could subvert. He had become wedded to the study of the physical sciences, and absorbed in the observation of God's power and wisdom and glory, as exemplified in nature. In the year 1801, he devoted himself with singular zeal to the study of optics, and during twelve years continued his beautiful and interesting experiments. The results of these elaborate and long-continued researches were presented to the public, in 1813, in a "Treatise upon New Philosophical Instruments."

In 1807, while prosecuting his optical and other studies, the University of Aberdeen conferred upon the young philosopher the title of LL.D., the highest literary distinction in the gift of any Scottish *senatus academicus*, and one which is seldom accorded to a young man of twenty-six years of age. In 1808, Dr. Brewster was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and in the same year he became editor of the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, whose publication he continued to supervise, and to the pages of which he contributed, till its close in 1830, a period of twenty-two years. The pastimes of men of genius, and the accidents which seem fortuitously to happen to them, have often been the blessings of the world. The mysteries of God's providence are so veiled from mortal eyes, and the agencies of his will are often so obscure; that human speculation can seldom elucidate them; and, even if our comprehension does reach them sometimes, our rhetoric is inadequate for their definite expression. To the Christian the infidelity of a Gibbon or a Hume seems a moral calamity; yet, when we behold the array of genius which seemed to spring from the unknown to meet and controvert them—genius that infused new life into the drooping spirit of virtue and truth—we are constrained to pause and reflect upon the hidden nature of those decrees of Providence which sometimes become thus visible.

We are not sufficiently acquainted with the eternal purposes of God to discuss the nature of those circumstances which are generally termed accidental. Their occurrence is accounted trivial, and is truly involved in the mysterious; but the ideas which they suggest, and the results to which they lead, are sometimes of the highest importance to humanity.

While engaged, in 1811, in writing an article upon "Burning Instruments," for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Dr. Brewster was led to consider the proposal of Buffon to construct a lens of great diameter, out of a single piece of glass, by cutting out the central parts in successive ridges, like the steps of a stair. This proposal Dr. Brewster declared to be practically impossible, but it induced his suggestion for constructing a lens by building it up of several circular segments; and thus forming an apparatus for the illumination of lighthouses, of unequalled power. This beautiful and useful invention was afterwards more fully developed by the learned philosopher in the "*Edinburgh Transactions*," and is now generally applied to the purpose which he had indicated. In this consists the crowning glory of science, it illumines the world's dark path, leads it from the shades of a general barbarism, and points it towards a brighter and a better day. It is the lighthouse of the future, burning amidst the darkness of mental night and the storms of selfish ignorance, and steadily and constantly performing a circle of disinterested admonition and warning. This splendid invention now pierces with its brilliant beams far into the night, in order to reach the eyes of the wayfaring mariner, to warn him of the hidden rocks that beset his liquid path; and little does he think, as he beholds its admonitory beams, and blesses God for this illustration of his providence and care, that men once reckoned the invention in the catalogue of accidents. In 1815 the Copley medal was conferred upon Dr. Brewster for one of his optical discoveries: and shortly after obtaining this distinguished mark of merit, he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society of London. In 1816 the Institute of France adjudged to him the half of the physical prize of 3000 francs, awarded for the two most important scientific discoveries which had been made, during the two previous years, in Europe; and in the same year he invented the kaleidoscope. This instrument, so valuable and important to the printer of cloth (whose

inventive powers would, but for its assistance, be immensely inadequate to sustain the variety of patterns demanded by the fashionable appetite), was patented and ought to have remunerated its inventor; but the commercial spirit of Great Britain prompted its adherents to evade the patent, and to seek their own aggrandizement at the expense of the philosopher. Everybody knew and acknowledged the inventor, and consequently he obtained what is called fame; but, for the tens of thousands of kaleidoscopes which were sold both for use and amusement, he obtained not one penny of remuneration.

In 1819 the indefatigable and indomitable savant obtained the gold and silver Rumford medal from the Royal Society of London, for his discoveries on the polarization of light; and in the same year he established, in conjunction with Professor Jameson, the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, which attained to its sixteenth volume.

In 1825 the Institute of France elected Dr. Brewster a corresponding member of that distinguished body; and the Royal Academies of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, vied with each other in investing him with the highest distinctions which they could confer upon a foreigner. These honorary titles, although they conferred no real lustre on the man to whom they were given, nevertheless opened up to him a correspondence with the greatest intellects and celebrities in the world. They brought him nearer to Biot, and Cuvier, and Arago—those great French discoverers of new worlds of science. They introduced him intimately and personally to the many-knowledged Humboldt, and to all the other distinguished men of Germany.

In 1831, Dr. Brewster proposed a meeting of all those persons in Britain most distinguished in the peculiar paths of research which he had himself pursued and adorned; and this reunion of savants led to the formation of the "British Association for the Advancement of Science."

Perhaps the circumstance is attributable to a twist in human nature, perhaps to the catalogue of perverted and debased justice; but still it is a fact, that men are far more promptly rewarded and distinguished for the execution of feats of destruction, than for the graceful and untiring exercise of that benign genius which seeks only to do good.

In 1831, this grand master of science re-

ceived the decoration of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order; and in 1832, William IV. was graciously pleased to knight him.

The labors of Sir David Brewster have not been merely experimental; the literary works which he has edited have of themselves been sufficient to win for him the fame of a laborious and accomplished writer. A review of his philosophical discoveries and scientific inventions induces us to pause and ask the question, "How does he accomplish these things, in addition to his duties as a professor and to his exertions as an editor?" Ordinary ability feels itself sufficiently employed to meet the exigencies of one of those onerous departments of duty, and yet this savant seems to know no difficulty in his accomplishment of them all; the laboratory, the bureau, and the atelier, each claims his attention, and the zeal of his spirit sustains him to discharge the duties of them all.

At St. Andrews he discourses to the Scottish students of natural philosophy in an obscure cloister; in his closet he examines the wondrous things that are above and around us; while the scientific world stands respectfully by to listen to the teachings of his experience. In his social position he is scarcely more than an ill-remunerated Scottish teacher in a provincial college; in his actual, he is one of the most accomplished and profound of the European imperial dignitaries of science.

Sir David Brewster is one of the editors of the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*; and the pages of the *Edinburgh and North British Reviews* are opulent with illustrations of his genius and energy. He has been a constant and eloquent contributor to almost all the scientific works of note in Great Britain; and his prelections are as familiar to the French and Germans as to his own countrymen. Like M. François Arago, Sir David Brewster has popularized science. He has placed its instruments in the hands of laughing childhood; and he has rendered its language intelligible to the least educated inquirer. His treatise upon optics in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* has largely conduced to familiarize the popular mind with the nature and utility of scientific research. The most common and casual phenomena, reduced to a system, cannot fail to interest the reflective mind, and to impress it with a serious cognizance of God's power and wisdom. The

savant who most liberally expounds the mysterious attributes of nature, and demonstrates the order and regularity that reign in its great cosmos, most liberally and abundantly interprets the voice of the everlasting God, and exhibits to humanity the government of infinite wisdom. To Sir David Brewster most honorably belongs the title of the people's philosopher; he who has raised himself into the highest and brightest constellation of scientific glory has not disdained to illumine the home of the lowly mechanic with the lustre of his discoveries, and the excellence of his Christian beneficence. His treatise on the kaleidoscope, and his letters on "Natural Magic," will long preserve his memory amongst the humbler dabblers in the sciences.

His life of Sir Isaac Newton in the "Family Library," is one of his most excellent and valuable works; it is glowing with brilliant eulogy and graceful criticism. To M. Arago has been universally conceded the character of a most generous critic and an elegant panegyrist. From the tribune of the Academy of Sciences at Paris he has delivered some of the most beautiful and profound *eulogies* that ever living genius poured over the coffined clay of departed eminence. To Sir David Brewster belongs, in an equal degree, the generous and sympathetic attributes which distinguish the famous Frenchman.

His style is as rich and ornate as his highly cultivated intellect; it is as powerful as his earnestness, and as ardent as his enthusiasm. His criticism of men of science in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the other literary vehicles open to his pen, are all characterized by that clearness and eloquence which are always associated with knowledge and allied to generosity.

Humboldt has casually declared, in the most celebrated of his works, that he has no aptitude for speculative philosophy, and he therefore refrains from adventuring into the regions of metaphysics and theology. Like Newton, however, Sir David Brewster preserves, amidst the triumphs of his scientific career, the faith and humility of a Christian; as the unseen things of this life have been laid open before the importunities of his inquiry, he has been strengthened more and more in that faith and sense which bear the soul above the glories of this mundane world, into that brighter and more glorious universe which God has prepared for the soul's exi-

gencies, and the Redeemer has purchased for ransomed man.

The last and crowning circumstance of Sir David Brewster's celebrity was his election, on the 2nd of January, 1849, as one of the eight foreign associate members of the National Institute of France, which was vacant by the death of M. Berzelius, the celebrated chemist. This distinction—coveted by the most illustrious philosophers of Europe, and of the whole world—is conferred by this academy only after a rigorous examination of the scientific claims of the candidates, who are proposed to the Institute by a commission of five members; of which M. Arago, on the admission of Sir D. Brewster, as on former

occasions, was the reporter. The elevation of Sir David to this distinguished position was no act of judicial disputation; the friends of the other candidates immediately withdrew their claims, and bent respectfully in approval of the election of the Scottish philosopher. The eight associate members of the Institute are generally regarded as the greatest celebrities in the learned world; and to none of his celebrated compeers does the inventor of the kaleidoscope, the discoverer of the physical laws of metallic reflection, of the optical properties of crystals, and the law of the angle of polarization, yield in originality of conception and vigor of soul.

BRACHANUS'S FOUR-AND-TWENTY DAUGHTERS.—A powerful and noble personage, by name Brachanus, was in ancient times the ruler of the province of Brecheinoc, and from whom it derived this name. The British histories testify that he had four-and-twenty daughters, all of whom, dedicated from their youth to religious observances, happily ended their lives in sanctity. There are many churches in Wales distinguished by their names, one of which, situated on the summit of a hill near Brecheinoc, and not far from the castle of Aberhodni, is called the church of St. Almedha, after the name of the holy virgin who, refusing there the hand of an earthly spouse, married the Eternal King and triumphed in a happy martyrdom; to whose honor a solemn feast is annually held in the beginning of August, and attended by a large concourse of people from a considerable distance, when those persons who labor under various diseases, through the merits of the blessed virgin, receive their wished for health. The circumstances which occur at every anniversary appear to me remarkable. You may see men and girls, now in the church, now in the churchyard, now in the dance, which is led round the churchyard with a song, on a sudden falling on the ground as in a trance, then jumping up as in a frenzy, and representing with their hands and feet, before the people, whatever work they have unlawfully done on feast days; you may see one man put his hand to the plough, and another as it were goad on the oxen, mitigating their sense of labor by the usual rude song: one man imitating the profession of a shoemaker; another that of tanner. Now you may see a girl with a distaff, drawing out the thread and winding it again on the spindle, another walking and arranging the threads for the web: another as it were throwing the shuttle, and seeming to weave.

On being brought into the church, and led up to the altar with their oblations, you will be astonished to see them suddenly awakened, and coming to themselves. Thus by the divine mercy, which rejoices in the conversion, not in the death of sinners, many persons from the conviction of their senses are on these feast days corrected and amended.—*Hoare's Giraldis*, vol. 1, p. 35.

SMOKING A CAUSE OF INSANITY.—The terrible ravages which tobacco is making on the bodies and mind of the young seems to be attracting the attention of medical men in various parts of the world. In a pamphlet just issued by Dr. Seymour of London, on private Lunatic Asylums, and the cause of insanity of late years, the doctor denounces with emphasis as one of the producing causes the immoderate smoking indulged in by boys and young men at the universities and "larger schools, now called colleges." The doctor's remarks are as applicable to the youths of this country as those of Europe. No one conversant with disease can doubt that excessive smoking, especially in the case of young people, must be highly injurious to both mind and body. Its effect is to depress the circulation—the heart becomes weak, irregular in its action, and the pulse is scarcely to be felt. The victim becomes irresolute and nervous, his appetite fails, and his mind fills with imaginary evils. This may continue for years, but at length the smoker dies often suddenly; then examination has shown that the muscular structure of the heart is imperfect in its action; the left side is thin, and in some cases, in which sudden death has occurred, there has been found little more than a strip of muscular fibre left on that side.

THE JACOBITE FIDDLER.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

The south wind tore in hot pursuit
Full drive upon the cloud,
So eager, wrathful, hot, and swift,
Fierce, conquering, and proud.
He drove it as with fury whips,
And lashed it on its way,
Till the consuming fire rose up
To burn the guilty day.

'Twas a sight to see in the year of grace,
The gallows on the moor;
There Highlandmen, from hill and glen,
Were strung up by the score.
Many there were, black-choked by law,
Who died with a stifled prayer,
Yet never but one who, bright and free,
Took his last leap in the air.

I saw the wretch they were going to stretch
Take up his fiddle and bow:
"Jocky, my lad," he said, "don't cry,
But make the old chanter blow,
And play 'Mad Meg.'" He screwed a peg,
And made the old strings quiver;
With rasp and squeak he made it speak,
And gave us "Ferry the River."

His feet began to shuffle and trip,
He sprang and leaped and capered,
His pirouettes were double quick,
His bound was like a leopard;
And all the time the fiddle went,
With witches' oil for rosin—
If he played a single reel to us,
He played at least three dozen.

He made the very gallows-tree
Shake with the merry dances,
With old strathspeys and Highland jigs,
And "The Marching of the Lances;"
"The bells of bonny Cupar Town,"
With their one-two-three, came laughing,
And then a smuggler's ranting lilt,
Sung when the "moonlight's" quaffing.

He sawed and sawed, to hear him, O Lord!
'Twas enough to gladden a Quaker;
'Twas "Caller Moonlight," and "O, such a
Night!"
And "Go to the Devil and shake her."
His fingers flew the gamut through,
Leaping from top to bottom,
The gallows-tree with his minstrelsy
Shook as he roared "Od rot 'em!"

The hangman, clapping hands, admired,
Until the sheriff beckoned:
"You've played enough—that's *quantum suff.*—
I've two-and-thirty reckoned."
"One moment more, to double the score—
Just hear my 'Tullochgorum.'" *"*
May I never sup if he didn't screw up,
And play it *variorum*.

The hangman stooped, the rope he looped—
That knot will solve the riddle—
Then turned to Rob, with a scrape and bob,
And begged to take his fiddle;
But the ne'er-do-weel, as staunch as steel,
Caught up the old bread-maker,
And over his knee, and against the tree,
He smashed it—the law-breaker!

Then threw up his hat, cried out, "A rat!
Hanover rats love barley—
They've got in the barn and stolen the yarn—
God save the good King Charlie!"
Then, lashing out, he danced a spring—
His stout heart did not falter;
In the hangman's lap he flung his cap,
And looped for himself the halter.

With no prayer or sigh but a look at the sky,
He ran up the gallows stair,
With a pull at the rope, and a wish and a hope
That the hemp the weight might bear,
Shut eye and mouth, first whistled to south,
Then made—God save the mark!—
What for forty year he had scorned to fear—
That DREADFUL LEAP IN THE DARK.

—Bentley's Miscellany.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

HERE dwells the schoolmaster;
His days are filled with toil;
With learning deep, and endless care,
He tills a rugged soil.

His boys they cope with decimals;
From histories, grammars learn;
He stoopeth down to all who come,
And helpeth each in turn.

If you would know the schoolmaster,
He wears a suit of black,
The cuffs and button-holes are worn,
And it shines adown his back.

Bent is he now, and tall, and thin;
His bushy brows are gray:
The light that once had place within
His eyes had shrunk away.

He sleeps upon a truckle bed;
He dines upon a crust;
All Euclid lies within his head;
His hopes are—in the dust.

He hath no money, hath no wife
To cheer his lonely hours:
No patron ever saw in him
The scholar's noblest powers.

*Grim Patience is his heritage,
And Poverty his lot:
And so he is outstripped by all,
And is by all forgot!

—All the Year Round.

From The Quarterly Review for April.

1. *La Quistione Italiana. Il Conte Buol ed il Piemonte. Lettere di L. C. Farini a Lord J. Russell.* Turin. 1859.
2. *Della Indipendenza d'Italia. Discorso di V. Salvagnoli.* Florence. 1859.
3. *Toscana e Austria.* Florence. 1859.
4. *La Proprietà Fondiaria in Lombardia. Studi di S. Jacini.* Milan and Verona. 1857.
5. *Condizioni Economiche della Provincia di Sondrio. Memoria di S. Jacini.* Milan and Verona. 1858.
6. *Sulla Necessità di accordare al Regno Lombardo-Veneto la Perequazione della sua Imposta Prediale con quella delle Provincie Tedesche del Impero.* Di V. Pasini. Venice. 1858.
7. *L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Italie.* Paris. 1859.

"We close," says Mr. Hallam, "the history of the Middle Ages, while Italy is still untouched, and before as yet the first lances of France gleam along the defiles of the Alps." There is still a moment, if only a moment, before us, resembling that which the illustrious historian has chosen to mark the conclusion of his first great literary journey. But although blood has not yet begun to flow, and the hum of peaceful industry is still unbroken by the roar of cannon, the cloud of military preparation has grown so dense that it appears as though it could not choose but burst, and abashed diplomacy seems almost on the point of ceding her place and office to the sword. Three months or even one month ago, we might have treated the Italian question as one for simple argument in senates, and in those wider circles where public opinion lives and moves. The issue grows narrower now, and may soon be reduced simply to this: with what feelings ought England to regard the combatants in the impending strife, and what will be the nature and scope of her concern in the combat?

We fear that, at the point which we have now reached, it might not improbably be assumed that the interval between the manifestations which have already occurred and the first outbreak of war, is but like the moment after the eye has seen the flash and before the ear hears the report; that though divided in time they are one in causation; that, the first having occurred, we cannot hope eventually to escape the latter. But the prospect which such a supposition offers is one of which, as long as hope remains, the eye must shrink

from the contemplation. It is assuredly not the less terrible, because the war in which France will be avowedly a principal will be waged on her part in the name of liberty. Liberty is a plant that will not thrive in artificial heat, but is the growth of its own inward energies, matured in free contact with its native atmosphere. In contemplating the threatened strife, a throng of tormenting questions press upon the mind. Will the high organization of the Austrian army and the strategic accomplishments of its commanders enable that highly centralized but ill-balanced and ill-consolidated Empire to encounter with success the greater and more varied resources, the loftier spirit, and the more daring energies of France? On the other hand, will the pacific temper which the French nation has latterly acquired, partly from the experience of suffering and partly in the pursuit of wealth, allow it freely to embark its fortunes in the war on which the Sovereign, not the people, has determined? If it does not cordially embrace the war, can the throne of the second Napoleonic dynasty survive the miscarriage of so gigantic a venture? If it does, and if success crown the operations of the French armies, then can we suppose that the nation will rest contented with having vindicated a liberty for Piedmont or for Italy which they do not enjoy themselves? That they will bear with equanimity a fresh addition of five or it may be ten millions sterling to their annual taxation? That they will not seek large territorial compensation, and thus add to that power which is already so great as to constitute almost a "standing menace" to the equilibrium of the European Continent? Nay, even if we have boldness or credulity sufficient to meet these demands, can we hope that the well-ordered liberty of Piedmont will survive both the assaults of its despotic antagonist, and the assistance of its despotic ally? Or, if Freedom runs fearful risks on the standing point she has so laboriously and painfully acquired, is it more likely that she, the child and ally of peaceful reason, will make new ground amidst the frightful convulsions of a European war, and will build the stately temple of Order with one hand while she wields the sword with the other? And what in particular will be the fate of that hybrid Sovereignty, ever a marvel and now undoubtedly a monster, which at once oppresses and enervates Central Italy, and in the

sacred names of the Gospel and the Saviour overrides every social right, and raises again the question whether government and law are indeed intended for a blessing or for a curse to mankind? It would be far easier to multiply these inquiries than to answer them. The boldest speculator is reduced to silence and to awe, and nothing is left him but the sad words of the prophet—"Lo, a roll of a book; and there was written therein lamentations and mourning and woe."*

Even the outbreaking of such a war, however, and far less the prospect of it, cannot dispense us from the duty of considering the rights and wrongs involved in it. It is easy to give sufficient reasons why England should not enter into the arbitrament of blood; but it is easier still to show cause why she cannot sever herself from the moral and social interests of the contest which is to shake the European system from top to base and from centre to edge. Nay, more, why she should reserve to herself a perfectly unfettered discretion as to the future, and should even stand free to entertain at any time the question of a positive and perhaps decisive intervention. Either the aggrandizement of Austria at the cost of Italy, or the aggrandizement of France at the cost of Austria, would be an event which might impose determinate and weighty duties upon England. In what character these duties might have to be performed is a question at which we shall presently have to glance; and we shall strive to show that it is one of no less dignity than importance. The simple admission, however, that we must be interested spectators, and may at some period perforce be parties, requires us to consider whether the public opinion of England on the questions at issue is enlightened and matured in the degree which the magnitude and the urgency of the case require.

The love of the Englishman for what he calls broad views is a motive power better suited to domestic than to foreign affairs. In his own sphere, he is fed with knowledge by his daily experience; and his abhorrence of subtlety and chicane, though it may sometimes make him judge with precipitation, is sufficiently guarded by sound information to prevent its hurrying him into any gross injustice. Although he can only well comprehend one idea at a time, yet, upon the whole, he knows when he ought to drop his favorite concep-

tion and bethink him of another in its place. Foreign affairs, in his normal state, he regards with indifference. But in the crises when they absolutely force themselves upon his attention, he takes them in hand with the earnestness and force that belong to him. Yet this uprightness of purpose, when it is not guided by carefulness and knowledge, may itself become the minister of injustice. For we often fail to discriminate between objects, which we hastily assume to be identical for no better reason than because they are presented to us in company. In the heroic struggle for national independence or existence, the power of concentrating on one idea the whole energies of the soul is a power of inestimable value. But where, as is likely to be more and more the case in European struggles, England is rather an arbiter than originally a party, what she requires beyond all things is the judicial temper; and, to play her part aright, she must neither grudge the labor necessary for exact discernment, nor be hasty to permit the entrance of passion as an auxiliary even in the cause of right. The ruder processes, the Lynch law, so to speak, which we commonly call in aid of imperfect comprehension, is ill adapted for the great, and at the same time nice issues, with which we are constantly presented in the vicissitudes of Continental affairs.

Austria, even at her best, can never attract much of enthusiasm in England. Her best chances of popularity here have been much damaged of late years. In the eighteenth century, she was more than once the champion of national independence both in the temporal and in the spiritual sphere; and her internal government was found compatible with much of local liberty, and with the free development of local character. In all these respects she has of late been seriously changed. At the epoch when the policy of the Popedom was mild, she, notwithstanding, regarded that power with wakeful jealousy, and fortified herself by the Josephine code against its essentially aggressive action. In our own time, when Rome has become ten times more Romish, she has thought fit to purchase the most odious support in the most odious manner, and has offered up the dear-bought acquisitions of former and manlier generations by the recent Concordat, as a sacrifice to the genius of clerical ascendancy. In an age of sharpened appetite for freedom, she has waged war against local immunities, and strained

* Ezekiel, 2: 9, 10.

every nerve of her system by centralizing its motive powers in Vienna. As to national independence, even if for the moment we set wholly aside the case of Italy, still she has but a beggarly account to render. The Russian war was a war for national independence in general, and for her own independence, after that of Turkey, in particular. Yet she hobbled through its several stages with the continual acknowledgment of obligations the same with those of England and France, and with a continual postponement of performance. She chose the part of diplomacy, and left others to fight battles which were pre-eminently hers.

"Larga quidem, Drance, semper tibi copia fandi

Tum, cum bella manns poscant." *

Apart from the rankling of the old wound struck by Hungarian recollections into the heart of Russia, Austria found herself at the close of the struggle neither loved as a comrade and friend, nor respected as an honorable foe, but in the condition of the neutral angels of Dante:—

"Che non furon ribelli,
Nè fur fedeli a Dio, ma per se furo."†

Her policy with respect to the Danubian Principalities, to Servia, and to the navigation of the Danube, has won her no favor in this country, but has borne in English eyes the stamp of narrow and selfish views, together with the disposition at once to push the doctrines of legality to the uttermost point in her own interest, and to deal lightly with them in cases where they threaten to bring her within the reach of that capital evil—contagion from any institutions more liberal than her own.

At the same time, a sentiment not unlike that which excited this country during the Russian war was enlisted on behalf of Austria, when we were told about the beginning of this year that the Emperor of the French had used menacing expressions to the Austrian Minister at his Court. We know not what may have been the views of our Government; but, so far as the people were concerned, the course which opinion manifestly took after this announcement was not due to any love for the Austrian Government or system, but to mistrust of Louis Napoleon, and to an impression that his words to M. Hübner

savored of that very spirit of *brigandage* which Russia had shown six years ago in the Menschikoff mission and in the invasion of the Danubian Principalities.

The Emperor of the French has more than once boxed the compass upon the wheel of popularity in England. The *coup d'état* of December, 1851, was abhorred by the British nation as the most glaring and gigantic, and the most fatal because the most successful, violation of legality upon record. But time flowed on; and the total absence of all British causes of complaint against the hero of that unrivalled conspiracy, together with the palpable acquiescence, and more than acquiescence, of the French nation in their lot, wrought a gradual change. While we did not retract our objections, there was no place found for them in current feeling or action, and our humor gradually mended under the influence of good fellowship. At a later period, co-operation in diplomacy and war, brotherhood in the triumphs of the battle field and in the afflictions of the camp, generated a feeling of close amity between the nations, such as absolutely required a symbol upon which to spend itself, and naturally found that symbol in the person of the Emperor. This is the best apology for the favor, largely sprinkled with adulation, that marked his reception here during the visit of 1856. But a turn of the wheel was to follow. As it was more and more perceived that the Eastern policy of the French Government and of the Palmerston Ministry did not move in parallel lines, a cooler sentiment crept in. Then came the famous epoch of the Orsini plot, the Walewski dispatch, and the pitiable charges against England in the "*Napoléon III. et l'Angleterre*." On this occasion our faithful ally (and such he had, truly and strictly, been) dropped to a heavier discount than even at the time when he had seized his crown. Our vanity was, however, gratified when we found that he put up in silence with the nearly unanimous determination of every man, woman, and child in England, that, even under the strain of the great Indian convulsion, the laws of England should not be altered at his bidding. But, on the other hand, we were more or less disturbed from time to time with ugly rumors. His naval preparations were larger than we liked, and led us to extend our own. An impression went abroad that he meant to have a display of arms with some-

* Æn. xi. 378.

† Inferno, iii. 32.

body; that he felt he had lost ground in France, meant to recover it, and thought this was the way; that the great question in the Imperial mind was at whose head his right hand should discharge the thunderbolt; that England and Austria were the involuntary and unconscious competitors for the honor of his choice; and that with a laudable, perhaps a cold-blooded, impartiality, he was rather inclined to select England of the two, provided he could succeed in effecting the necessary Continental combination against her. The choice would have been natural in so far, at least, that our rival could present the plea of kindred institutions. In spite, then, of reiterated and somewhat inflated panegyrics from rather high quarters, the Emperor of the French was already the object of suspicion, or at least mistrust, in England, at the time when it was announced that he had used language indicative of a desire to pick a quarrel with Austria. It was almost a necessary consequence that the immediate occasion of the fray, when made known, should be interpreted by the light, and valued according to the estimate, of this anterior declaration. In due time we learned that the state of Italy was to afford the plea. From that moment Italian interests were viewed in England, not as they are in themselves, but as the ministerial instruments of French or rather of Napoleonic ambition.

The purely disinterested or chivalrous adoption by one nation of the quarrel of another is a case so rare in history, that it never enters into the calculations of the Englishman as an hypothesis available for the solution of any problem in practical politics. There are but three modes in which such cases appear to be commonly susceptible of explanation. One has received perhaps its very first vivid illustration on a large scale from the late war against Russia, which was waged by England and France in the interest of European order, and with no separate interest other than that of other members of the European family in the repression of the ambition of the Czar. Another may be found in the case of the combinations against Napoleon I. Russia fought at Austerlitz without an immediate cause of quarrel against the French, because she considered that her case was virtually the same as that of Austria, and her existence substantially though indirectly involved. The third is the more common form

where the interests contemplated are positively selfish, and where the champion expects to be paid, and well paid, for his labor, either in meal or in malt. In which of these classes are we to place the French championship of the Italian quarrel? It cannot be accounted for by identity of cause, for no man supposes that Austria is or can be in a condition menacing to the independence or the institutions of France, independently of the fact that, as they are centralized and absolute, she, in all likelihood, cordially approves them. Are we then to suppose that France is to interfere between the Italian peninsula and the stranger, as the vindicatrix of European order, or of the general interests of reason and justice? The question would immediately be asked, in what way she had come to be invested with this world-wide and supreme authority; what precedent there is for the exercise of such an ecumenical function by a single and self-chosen Power; what is to prevent some other Power at the present time, or France herself at some other time, from interfering again, as she interfered at Rome in 1849 to put down popular government and re-establish impotence in the robes of despotism? or why some other Power may not now interfere in a sense hostile to France, and with a title just as well or as ill grounded in the public law and right of nations? Indeed, the pretensions of any particular Power, however eminent, to become the judge and avenger of Europe are so obviously hollow, that they not only fail to find support in argument, but they are incompatible with *bona fides* in the Sovereign who urges them, and tend with resistless force to impress the belief that the paraphernalia of public justice are assumed either to hide the weapons of the brigand, or in some other mode to screen from view purposes which must not be avowed because they are incapable of defence.

The delicacy of the question in virtue of what right France is to interfere by force in the Italian quarrel is evidently felt by the able writer of *Napoléon III. et l'Italie*. It is contended by him * that the *status quo* in Italy is dangerous, the revolution impotent, and reform impossible; that the problem must be solved, and that Italy cannot solve it against Austria for herself. But the title of France to assume this august and even awful function—and where she has heretofore been

* P. 45.

a party only to become also a judge—is no more than darkly hinted under references to the policy of Henry IV., and to a supposed immutability of the cardinal ideas of political tradition; * together with the one-sided enigma that the Alps are a rampart for France, but not a fortress against her—a distinction of which Nature, we presume, was ignorant when she supplied that portion of mother earth with such formidable girders.

It is true that there is a speciality in the case of France; but the inspirers of the pamphlet probably have felt that it is one so sore as not to bear handling. It is the Roman occupation. Without doubt, France feels the shame, scandal, and embarrassment in which the outrage of 1849 has involved her. She has peculiar reasons for desiring the Italian question to be accommodated. It cannot be without the stings of remorse and a burning indignation that she finds herself punished for her offence in being doomed to sustain by her own arm a Government which is strong for no earthly purpose except to reject her advice and repudiate such alleviations or improvements as for decency's sake she cannot do otherwise than suggest. Of all European Governments, the Papal one is at once perhaps the worst, and certainly the most ridiculous; and though the Emperor of the French might have philosophy enough to endure the former quality, he can have no patience with the latter, which freely imparts itself to him in the face of his people, so vulnerable in that particular. This embarrassment is a real one; but yet it is not available as a grievance against Austria, because it arises out of the hyper-Austrian policy of France herself on a particular occasion. When the French overthrew, in February, 1848, a Government of their own at least tolerably good, the Romans thought fit, in humble imitation, to overthrow one which, in spite of its shadowy pretensions of reform, was incurably bad. This is the true history of the case as respects the people of the Roman States. Their cause was indeed disgraced by the dagger which took the valuable life of Rosai. But that great crime cannot be charged upon the people; and even if it were so chargeable, France at least should have been lenient with her own first Revolution on record. Instead, however, of receiving countenance or even toleration from those who had set the example, they found

the French Republic in arms against them, and they succumbed, after a bloody struggle, to her superior force. The people of the Roman States submitted to sheer coercion, but they at least lost none of their rights and claims; while France, which had trampled them under foot, found herself in effect, while wearing outwardly the robes of conquest, chained to the triumphal car of the Pope whom she had re-established. Under the plea of maintaining her influence and authority, she had committed a gross wrong. But the same sectional interests, the same necessity of courting the ultramontane party in the internal politics of the country, which had caused the expedition to be sent to Rome, forbade it to be withdrawn. The *Curia* was well aware that the very act by which France had flattered her vain glory was fatal to her independence in the face of the Papal Power; that the intrigue which had rendered the original service to the Popedom would still stand it in good stead; and that the Pontiff had nothing to do but to turn a deaf ear to his check-mated advisers, and to govern as he pleased.

The Emperor was President at the time of the siege of Rome. It appeared from his well-known letter to Edgar Ney that it was repugnant to his feelings, but we have yet to see the day when he will shrink from any sacrifice that his personal interests may require. He judged of the Roman expedition, as of all other things, neither by passion nor by principle: but he read it in the cold frosty light of his ambition. As President he lent himself to the scheme: and he reaped his political reward in the services of M. de Falloux as a Minister, and in the influence they insured to him over the party of the Church. Again, at the critical moment of the *coup d'état*, he received his crowning recompense in the decided support of M. de Montalembert; which carried, in his so-called election to the Empire, every vote that the party could command. Had that election required annual repetition, and had he thus periodically pocketed the equivalent of his condescension, we may doubt whether his conscience would have been so much disturbed, as it now appears to be, by the woes of Italy, and by the dangers to the peace of Europe which they engender. But as M. de Montalembert and his friends are of no further use, nothing remains either to soothe or to compensate the mortification

with which France and her Emperor must find themselves at once morally responsible for all the offences of the Papal Government, and utterly powerless to correct its conduct.

It is in vain to say, in apology for the act which has drawn down on France this pungent retribution, that Austria would have occupied the Roman States if she had not done it. Austria would never have ventured on such a proceeding, in the face of a protest from England and from France: nor can we doubt, from the known sentiments of Lord Palmerston, that he would have been forward to concur with France in such a protest. It would seem that he felt that his inaction required apology, when he devised the ingenious excuse that England, as a Protestant Power, ought not to interfere in any matter with respect to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. This plea was indeed in flagrant contradiction with the course which he had himself pursued in 1831 as Foreign Minister of the Cabinet of Earl Grey: for he both joined at that epoch on the part of England with the other great Powers in urging upon Gregory XVI. the necessity of organic improvements; and, when they tamely acquiesced in the Pope's refusal, he, with equal manliness and sagacity, repeated, through Sir Hamilton Seymour, his warning admonitions. Nothing then, as we are justified in inferring, but prudence, prevented a more emphatic disapproval of the French invasion of Rome in 1849 than was conveyed by his silence. Thus it was France who not only herself placed Rome under the yoke, but who neutralized the friendly strength of England, and set the fatal example which Austria on her side of the Apennines had no more to do than silently but exultingly to follow.

Thus, then, it appears that France has not a rag of title to make war upon Austria in the name of Italy. She is nowhere damaged except in Rome, and there it is by her own criminal act. She is not menaced in her independence, her institutions, or even her influence. Her differences with Austria, in several chapters of the Eastern question, may account for soreness, and may, for ought we know, warrant remonstrance; but are infinitely remote, on the most unfavorable supposition, from any justifying cause of war. She has no peculiar relations with Piedmont, established by ancient or even by modern treaties: the fortresses that crown the defiles

of the Cottian Alps tell another tale, and inform us, to her prejudice, in which direction have chiefly lain the apprehensions of Sardinia. We know not whether all this has been implicitly or explicitly recognized by the English people, or whether its recent leaning to the Austrian side as against France has been rather due to more sweeping or more general views; to a deep solicitude for the continuance of peace, and to a persuasion that the Emperor of the French is guiltily determined upon war with or without cause, while the attitude of Austria is, as they have understood, strictly a defensive attitude. But be that as it may, whether we regard the case upon general grounds, or whether we pursue it into minute particulars and special pleading, we seek in vain for any considerations of public right which render it in any manner just or tolerable for France to interfere with the strong hand in the settlement of Italian affairs.

But we have now to open a very different chapter. The recent controversies have done much to increase our knowledge on the true state of the question, not as between Austria and France, but as between Austria and Italy; or, if not to increase our knowledge, to render our ignorance voluntary and inexcusable. The one idea at a time, which, as we have stated, the Englishman admits into his mind, was, a few months or even weeks ago, simply this: that France was about to become, in the words which Lord John Russell applied to the late Emperor of Russia, "the wanton disturber of the peace of Europe." This idea effectually shut out all consideration of the question whether the hands of Austria were clean and her conscience pure in respect to her Italian policy, and whether and in what degree the dangers and sufferings of that country lie at her door. For us, a few weeks ago, there was no Italian question; it was a phrase blazoned on a French banner, and it was nothing more. Sardinia was mentioned only to be condemned. We saw her in an attitude of apparent, perhaps of evident, subserviency to France; and that was enough to bar all inquiry as to the causes which had brought about a result so unfortunate. No more discriminating construction was put upon the facts, than that she could only be prompted by the spirit of territorial piracy. The remembrance of her unwise and unwarrantable invasion of Lom-

bardy in 1848 rose up in British recollection; and it was presumed that she thought the time had come for playing the same game again, with new support at her back, and with greater chances of success. It was so palpable, on the one hand, that the true interests of Austria required her to act most rigidly in the defensive sense, as almost to compel our summary belief of her assurances that she had never entertained the idea of acting in any other. It was at least conceivable, on the other hand, that the error which Sardinia had once committed might be committed by her again. Jealous of the doctrine of mere nationality, as it stands apart from considerations of practical hardship, we knew that this doctrine was the favorite symbol of Italian desires, and the impression widely prevailed that from this source only were drawn the chief materials of the case of Italy against Austria.

Within the last few weeks, however, there has certainly been a change in the tone of English opinion and in the language of some of its prominent though more ephemeral organs. Probably it may have dated from the appearance of that dispatch, which Count Buol on the 25th of February addressed to the Austrian Minister in London. It was published early in March, we presume by the agency and in the interest of Austria. Containing a statement from her own mouth of her own policy, and this, too, uttered when the sword's point was presented to her breast, we could not but presume that it propounded Austrian doctrine in the most diluted and conciliatory form. Yet it was calculated to produce far worse impressions than any attack from a hostile quarter, and painfully to illustrate the melancholy truths that a blind Conservatism may come to be the most dangerous Radicalism, and that the closets and cabinets of despotic sovereigns are too often the main factories of Revolution.

The dispatch was followed by the appearance of the second of the letters from Signor Farini to Lord John Russell that are mentioned at the head of this paper, by a masterly reply from Count Cavour, and by the more recent publication of the note of that statesman dated the 1st of March, in which, at the request of the British Minister, he sets forth what he thinks the essential and immediate requisites for the peace of Italy. With these papers before us, we shall attempt a

short review of the case of Austria as it is stated by herself, and as it is affected by the evidence which her antagonists have produced both as to her present attitude and as to the general train of her policy since the epoch of 1815.

It is not difficult to sum up the doctrines propounded by Count Buol. Great political bodies must always have an influence on neighboring States, but yet ought not to impair their independence. Austria takes credit for having, "more than once," as it is stated with a bewitching modesty, re-established by force "the Italian governments overthrown by revolution." Among the recipients of these benefits has been the government of Savoy: but then it was before the date of "the modern theories of public right which Count Cavour has introduced." The treaties between Austria and the "independent States" of Italy are exclusively in the interests of "legitimate defence;" and no one has a right to say a word about them. That use which was fairly to be expected is made by the Austrian diplomatists of the war of 1848, to damage the present case of Sardinia in connection with "the pretended sorrows" of Italy. It is then admitted, or rather boasted, by Count Buol, that on account of the articles of Piedmontese newspapers (which are not under the control of the Government), Austria took the measure which is but one step short of hostilities, and broke off but a short time ago her diplomatic relations with Sardinia. It is also true, we believe, that Sardinia did not send an envoy to congratulate the Emperor Francis Joseph when he visited Milan; but this is not mentioned by Count Buol, and we presume therefore is not thought to afford a tenable ground of complaint. We stop at this moment to express our devout thankfulness that England is both more powerful and more remote than Piedmont: for if the same measure which has been measured to Piedmont were meted out to us, if the free, or even the licentious articles of newspapers afford a just ground for the rupture of diplomatic relations, undoubtedly at few periods since the peace of 1815 would an Austrian Minister have graced the society of London.

But Count Buol does not shrink from discussing the "pretended sorrows" of Italy. He generously admits that not every thing is perfect in the institutions and administra-

tions of the Italian Governments, while he denies "the thousand calumnies" against them. This is somewhat vague; but, if there be a doubt as to the *animus* of the passage, the doubt disappears when he comes to particulars. For he points out but one source of imperfection, which is, that free institutions, being, as he says, unfit for Italy, have caused deplorable scenes of anarchy and disorder. This is the manner in which Austria, which rules in Italy by the bayonet alone, shows her respect for the independence of Sardinia, and for her institutions, which of themselves have harmonized loyalty, liberty, and order, in that very Peninsula which Count Buol so grievously calumnies. But Count Buol does not condemn free institutions universally. He says they will do very well indeed (he could not prudently say less in writing for the eye of a British Minister) where "they have been developed and matured for centuries." Whatever else may happen, Austria will never be pressed in argument with any inconvenient consequences drawn from this admission; since she lays it down as a condition *sine qua non* of free government, that it must have existed for centuries before it can produce any beneficial fruits, and, ceasing to be a public nuisance, can have any title to exist at all.

While, however, the views of Austria are thus sagaciously guarded in matters theoretical, she has always, adds Count Buol, "frankly applauded every marked improvement in a practical point of view;" and, "when consulted, has given her opinion conscientiously, after a mature examination of the circumstances."

Is this the fact? No proof, no instance is given for the affirmative; and a negative is proverbially hard to demonstrate. We should be curious to know what have been the measures on behalf of freedom or good government in Italy, which were due to the advice, or had received the approval of Austria. Sardinian institutions, as we have seen, she roundly denounces. One other instance happens to be already before the world, which may serve as a measure of the zeal of Austria for practical improvement in the administration of the Italian Governments. Some seven or eight years ago the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government formed the subject of two Letters, addressed by Mr. Gladstone to the Earl of Aberdeen. These Letters were transmitted by Lord Aberdeen

to Vienna, and it is well known that he made use of his influence at that Court, higher than that of any other British subject, in order to induce Prince Schwartzberg to mitigate, by friendly advice to the Court of Naples, the horrible state of things which had been disclosed. Prince Schwartzberg did not stir; and the author of the Letters, after some months' delay, made his appeal through the press to public opinion. It is, we believe, the fact, that the Austrian Government did not so much as inform the King of Naples that the charges had been made; nor give him an option of turning to account information, much of which, though referring to his own servants, was probably new to him.

After observing the manner in which Count Buol treats the past, we shall feel little surprise at his views of the present. He proceeds to avow that the Papal Government positively stands in need of improvement. He names, however, no other amendment than the regeneration of its army. But the great foe of reform in Italy, according to Count Buol, is Piedmont, whose aggressive designs and revolutionary tendencies make life almost intolerable. So that he distinctly states that only when Piedmont shall have altered her system can any Italian State be expected to set seriously about any reform whatever.

Count Buol concludes with a promise for Austria that she will abstain from hostilities as long as Piedmont continues within her own borders. We have read with satisfaction, this assurance: a satisfaction only qualified by the insinuation which accompanies it, that Austria has grievances which she might advance in justification of a resort to arms. Under cover of these words she might assume, as we fear, upon the occurrence of the most trivial incident, a release from her pledge, and become, in despite of it, the first to draw the sword.

The maxims plainly and almost ostentatiously exhibited in this dispatch are sufficiently formidable. We are plainly taught that the legitimate use of a standing army is, as in the Papal States, to defend the Government, not against foreign foes, but against the people—that free institutions are unfit for Italy, and have been the true source of its calamities—that the license of a free newspaper press authorizes the rupture of diplomatic relations with the State that permits its existence—and

that Austria deserves praise for being ever ready to uphold by force in the hour of need any Government which is menaced with resistance from its subjects. This is much; but there is more to tell: Count Buol has not stated the full extent of his claims on the gratitude of Europe, though he has stated enough to make us rejoice that the existence of British liberty does not, to the extent of a single feather's weight, depend upon his official discretion or upon the huge armies of his master.

Signor Farini, who is well known to be in the confidence of Count Cavour, and to have access to the archives of Sardinia, speedily followed up the appearance of Count Buol's dispatch with the production of a tract, which illustrates the statements and supplies the omissions of Count Buol. But, before referring to his citations, we will exhibit from the pamphlet of Salvagnoli * a reckoning of the achievements of Austria in the way of the military occupation of what she satirically calls "independent States." There is not a yard of Italian soil, on which she has not trodden with her mailed heel. Since 1815 she has been for two years in arms in Piedmont: for five years in Naples: for six years in Tuscany, six in Modena, and six in Parma: for twenty-five years in the Papal States. For more than half of the forty-five years since Pius VII. was restored to his throne by European arms, has Austria had an army actually within the Territories of the Church, nor has there been a moment, unless, perhaps, the fevered and ruinous epoch of 1848, when they have not been overshadowed and overawed by her military ascendancy.

It is perfectly obvious to the commonest understanding that there can be no guarantee, and as a general rule no hope, of good government in a country where there is no penalty upon bad. In the strange case before us, a cluster of petty and secondary states have had at hand a powerful neighbor, who has set up, by her own avowal, a standing advertisement that whenever, no matter from what cause, the authority of their Governments may be menaced with popular resistance, she will come in with an armed force to put it down. This proclamation establishes an immunity alike formal, patent, and entire, for corruption and for tyranny: and it at once

compels us to hold Austria responsible for all the defects and all the excesses that have so long subsisted in the Italian States, with so much of suffering to the people, and so much of danger and of scandal to the world.

Something, however, remains to complete the exhibition of the system; and that something Farini has supplied. The reforms, or supposed reforms, of Pius IX. in 1847, immediately elicited mutterings and threats from Austria. Still we did not then know how completely it entered into the spirit of her Italian maxims, not only to sustain the Italian governments in their excesses, but even to intimidate and to punish them if they should exhibit symptoms of remorse, and a tendency to favor freedom or to recognize its constitutional guarantees.

Scarcely had the ink of the Treaty of Vienna had time to dry, when Austria, re-established in her old territory, and much more largely gifted with new at the North of the Peninsula, boldly laid her hand on the extreme South, and bound the King of Naples, by a private article in a Treaty, to administer his internal government upon her principles. Pretty well, indeed, for respect to the independence of States! Her after steps were conformable to the bright promise afforded by this beginning. In 1816 Prince Metternich contended that, to make Austria secure in Lombardy, the Upper Novarese, or at the least the province of Domo d'Ossola, ought to be ceded to her by Sardinia.* And Lord Castlereagh told the Sardinian Minister at Vienna, that Sardinia might do well to enter into the Austrian Confederation, as the Emperor might thus be induced to waive his pretensions to the Upper Novarese and to the citadel of Alessandria.† In January, 1821, Prince Metternich writes to the Duke of Modena, that if Austria had had twenty thousand men disposable on the Po in the preceding summer, they would have marched on Naples to put down the popular rising, and the world would have applauded the feat, as it applauds all feats. At Laybach the same Minister declared that means must be taken to avoid the danger that the Neapolitan Parliament might retrace its steps, and be satisfied with a constitution like that of France under the Restoration, which France herself had recommended. And now we come near the climax. Being asked by Count Cape

* Della Indipendenza d'Italia, p. 47.

* Farini, p. 7. † P. 8.

d'Istria on this occasion whether Austria would give her sanction to a system in Naples that should partake of the representative character, he replied that she would prefer to go to war. "But," rejoined Capo d'Istria, "what if the King of Naples himself should desire to establish such a system?" "In that case," the Chancellor of Austria answered, "the Emperor would make war upon the King of Naples."* In conformity with this outrageous declaration, on the 6th of March, 1822, Prince Metternich wrote to the Austrian Minister at Paris, that "the representative system, with the institutions necessarily following upon it, could not and should not (*non può, non deve stabilirsi*) be established in any single State of the Peninsula." The Count of Pralormo, Sardinian Minister at Vienna, wrote as follows to his Court:†—

"The Austrian Government is convinced that every idea of compromise is absurd, and that whatever Government divests itself of any part of its power, supplies the weapons that are to wrest from it the remainder. It is, therefore, as far from its ideas as from its plans that institutions should be founded in its neighbor States which may weaken the kingly authority, which on the contrary it desires to see reinforced and consolidated on an immovable basis."

Nor was this all. The Emperor of Austria had himself‡ asked the Count, what were the intentions of the King Charles Felix with respect to the Prince of Carignano (afterwards Charles Albert)? The Minister of Sardinia replied that his master still intended, according to the promise he had made at Verona, to make him subscribe a deed which should bind him to maintain the monarchy absolute as it then was, without any organic change. Prince Metternich said, on the same subject, that this was the only proper and effectual method of proceeding.

When the Austrians withdrew from the military occupation of the Neapolitan States, the Emperor informed the King of his intention to hold him bound to the secret article of the Treaty of 1815: and on leaving the Papal States, where the occupation was unasked, in 1822, he announced his intention to return thither in case of need, quite irrespectively even of the wishes of the Government.§

It is plain that, though these theories are limited in their action by the adamantine laws of circumstance, they are in themselves not of

local, but of universal application. And on August 12, 1830, Prince Metternich frankly stated to the Count Pralormo, with reference to the then recent French Revolution, that if only Europe had at that time, as she had in 1815, seven hundred thousand men on the frontier of France, he for one would be for making a descent upon that country, and putting an end to the Revolution once for all. In 1831 the new French Government gently remonstrated against a renewed occupation of the Papal States; but Prince Metternich* replied "that the Emperor meant to interfere even at the cost of a general war." When France occupied Ancona with an opposite purpose to that of Austria, the Emperor said "there must be a march on Paris to put an end to the evils with which the world was menaced." No march on Paris ensued; but then the French Government had to content themselves with the empty name of an occupation, and their expedition remained wholly without result. In 1847 and 1848 Austria menaced any Italian Government inclined to reform, and impeded the grant and encouraged or compelled the violation and withdrawal of constitutions. Finally, it was in 1849 that France by the Roman expedition identified herself with the excesses of Austrian policy, and with a view nominally to the extension of French influence in Italy, but really to the conciliation of a domestic party, incurred the scandal and embarrassment from which she is now making violent efforts to escape.

The letter of Farini proceeds in all the cases we have noticed upon textual citations; and it is well that this is so, for surely without evidence so stringent the statements would have appeared incredible. The pamphlet appeared several weeks ago, and we do not hear that its allegations have been rebutted in any one particular. After such a course of conduct, then, steadily pursued for nearly half a century, it is a sheer mockery for the Austrian Minister to assume the comparative meekness of a defensive attitude, to complain that Sardinia fails in due respect to the independence of the Italian States, to appeal to the faith of treaties, to pretend an anxiety for practical improvements, or to throw upon free institutions the guilt and shame of Italian disturbances. Before even an attempt had been made to introduce liberty into any part of the Peninsula, she had by her treaty of 1815 with

* P. 11. † P. 13. ‡ Ibid. § P. 16.

* P. 17.

Naples consummated a grand conspiracy against it; nor can she be entitled to complain that freedom and war are associated in Italy, when she herself has proclaimed by word and deed that in no other way than by the sword shall any Italian be free.

We have said enough to show that the conduct of Austria towards Italy at large has involved a glaring and systematic contempt of liberty and of public right. Let us now examine, however briefly, the particular case of Lombardy and Venice, in that light especially which will most contribute to make it intelligible to Englishmen, the light cast by the financial system now actually in force.

An impression prevails in this country that the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom (which we call by this ungainly name rather than take refuge in the absurd and delusive phrase, Venetian Lombardy) is remarkably well governed in comparison with other parts of Italy; that the people are prosperous and contented; that the nobles only and in some degree the town population are dissatisfied; and that it is simply the abstract idea or sentiment of hostility to foreign rule as such that begets a disposition to rise against the Austrian Government. This impression has been strengthened by the knowledge that a prince both intelligent and benevolent has been appointed to the Viceroyalty of the kingdom. The excellent disposition of the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, who is married to a consort altogether worthy of him, the Princess Charlotte of Belgium, are known; and it is not known that these dispositions are neutralized by the very different spirit prevailing at Vienna, and that the Government of Austrian Italy is not only administered by Austrians, but administered from the capital of the Empire, and not in Venice nor in Milan.

A variety of secondary causes have operated of late years to prejudice the position and augment the unpopularity of the Austrian Government. The Concordat which has destroyed the Josephine code throughout the Empire aimed at drawing the clergy nearer in spirit to the State, and in proportion has removed them farther from the people. The law of the conscription has been made more severe in various respects: for instance, the price of a substitute is now paid into the Treasury, and the person to be substituted for the payer must be found by the community; while an exemption formerly allowed to an

only son has been withdrawn. The change in the currency which took effect some five months ago, and under which a reduction of five per cent was made in the value of the florin, has increased the soreness of minds already irritable. The recent plagues of the vine for a long course of seasons, and of the mulberry-tree for several, adding the visitation of God to the heavy pressure of taxation which we shall forthwith describe, have produced an accumulation of burdens which is throughout the country extremely grievous and in many cases intolerable.

The works on the economical condition of Lombardy, which have been named at the head of this article, have been printed and are regularly sold in Austrian Italy under the eye of the Government. It is believed that one or more of them have appeared not without the direct countenance of the Viceroy, which, on the one hand, affords honorable testimony to the liberal and philanthropic dispositions of his Imperial Highness, and on the other hand, guarantees the *bona fides* of the arguments and the accuracy of the statements of fact. But, even apart from any direct encouragement from this elevated quarter, we may rest tolerably assured that the taxation of the country is not exaggerated in books published and sold in the shops of Venice, Milan, and Verona. We can confidently add, that these statements, which are carefully reasoned and detailed, without any infusion of passion or invective, fall greatly short of the allegations which are commonly made by gentlemen of high station and intelligence even within that small section of the upper class of Italians which has not renounced social relations with the Austrian authorities. To this we may subjoin that it is an entire mistake to suppose that the subject of nationality supplies at this moment either the exclusive or the chief burden of complaint among Lombards and Venetians. For Lombards and Venetians are, after all, like other men; and their first care must be to live, and to support their wives and children. What facilities they at present possess for this primary purpose we shall now see.

In the year 1817 measures were taken by the Emperor Francis for a uniform assessment, with a view to taxation over all the provinces of the Austrian empire. Since that time it has been gradually carried into effect, without any traceable difference of rules, as

Pasini* informs us, between the Italian and the German territories. The result of this operation, completed throughout the country within the last few years, was that the existing tax on landed property was found to stand in Austrian Italy at 28·78 per cent of the estimated income. In the German ones it stood at 18·12 per cent; but by a partial remission in some districts it was there reduced to 16 per cent over all. In 1822, however, the Venetian contribution was reduced from 15,986,000 Austrian *lire*, being 28·78 per cent, to 12,689,000 or 24 per cent. It 1854 this was again raised to the original amount: little short of double the tax exacted in the German Provinces. For several years (we believe since 1851†), however, an addition of one-third has been made under the name of *addizionale*, or "impost extraordinary," to the previously existing taxes. The charge was thus raised to about 40 per cent of the estimated income; independently of the further burden which was thus added to the very considerable taxes *ad valorem* upon transfer and upon succession.‡ This is the enormous inequality for the removal of which Pasini strongly but vainly pleads, and which is not in any manner remedied by a minor equalization that has taken place with Lombardy, leaving both taxed at 38·37 per cent. We now speak, it must be remembered, only of taxes payable to the Governments. And Pasini refutes the argument that the relation of estimated to real value is different in the Italian and German provinces respectively, by showing that the prices of the same year were adopted as the basis of assessment in both. He conceives § that the real net income of the proprietor does not exceed the amount assessed by more than from a quarter to a third. He finds an independent method of proof for his propositions from the statistical tables of the empire, which show a gross produce from the Italian provinces of 171,000,000 and from the German of 641,000,000 or in the proportion of 18½ to 70. Instead of that proportion, the Italian tax, even apart from the extraordinary addition, stands as 36 to 70,|| which again establishes the fact of nearly a double taxation. This reckoning is for the year 1845: it is fully sustained by that of subsequent years; and the result here even shows that the complaint is too faintly stated

when it is left to rest simply upon the assessment.

The "Proprietà Fondiaria" of Jacini deals with the case of Lombardy only, but in much greater detail. We shall only trouble the reader with a few particulars. According to him,* the regular annual direct taxes, local and other, distinct from the great tax payable to the Treasury, appear to add to it more than one-half. If we make this addition to Pasini's 38·37 per cent, we have the total direct charge at 57½ per cent on the estimated or assessed income. If, next, we allow for the excess of actual value over the assessment at 33 per cent, we shall have about 43 per cent as the real amount of direct tax on the net receipt. For Lombardy, Jacini takes as the minimum amount 36 per cent. Either the one or the other may well astound the English taxpayers in Schedule A.

The Austrian Treasury draws from Lombardy 80,000,000 *lire* annually. If the whole empire were taxed per head at the Lombard rate, it would have a revenue of 1,100,000,000 *lire*. Instead of this it had (in the year 1854) 736,000,000. If we look only to the direct tax on land, then, at the Lombard rate per head, the empire would have yielded 400,000,000; whereas, in 1854, it yielded only 203,000,000.†

But it may be thought that the wealth of Lombardy redresses the balance. Well, in 1850 the agricultural products of that country were officially stated at 360,000,000 *lire*; those of the whole empire at 3,895,000,000. But Lombardy pays some 30,000,000 of land-tax out of 203,000,000, or more than a seventh, instead of about a thirteenth. If the real value of the Lombard crops be given, it rises from 360 to 450 millions; but a similar rectification might we apprehend, be applied to the rest of the empire.

Finally, let it no longer be supposed, as is too common in England that the soil of Lombardy is in the hands of certain great *signori*, and that the peasantry are untouched by this unequal and grinding taxation. In 1850 the population was 2,723,000. The nobles were less than 3,000. The landed properties were 437,000, and the landed proprietors were 350,000.‡ There are seven times as many landed proprietors in Lombardy as there are in the British Isles, while the British Isles have a population ten times that of

* Sulla Necessità, etc., p. 16. † Jacini, p. 132.

‡ Passini, pp. 19-24. § P. 30. || P. 36.

* Jacini, p. 132. † Pp. 134-5. ‡ P. 118.

Lombardy. In fact, after deducting the inhabitants of the numerous cities and towns, it would appear that the bulk of the adult males are proprietors.

The deplorable consequences of the union of these frightful imposts with the recent visitations of Providence upon the silk and wine growing districts of Italy are touchingly set forth in the tract of Jacini on the Valtelline, or the Province of Sondrio. It is greatly dependent on the vine, which is commonly grown upon patches of soil carried up to points of rock, and perched and fenced there by human labor lavishly and continually expended for the purpose. A table is given for the *Comune* of Tirano, showing on one side the taxes and the expenses of cultivation of the vine bearing properties; on the other side the receipt from them. From 1840 to 1848 there was an average income of above 50,000 *lire*: from 1852 to 1857 there has been an annual loss of above 100,000. The chief part of the evil is due to the blight; but the taxes, which averaged about 70,000 *lire* in the first period, have been augmented in the latter to nearly 140,000.* Relief however, was decreed to the Valtelline by the Imperial Government in 1855 to the extent of 70,000 *lire*, when its losses had been 12,000,000; or, as we reckon it, not quite one penny half-penny for each pound sterling, and less than a tenth part of the taxes paid to the Austrian Government for that very year.

Before 1847, the province of Sondrio paid as land-tax to the treasury 297,000 *lire*; in 1848 this sum was increased to 397,000. In 1854, amidst the frightful ravages of the vine-disease, the new *censo* was introduced, and the charge raised at once to 668,000!† Under the new valuation thus established, the realty of the province was taken at 1,575,000 *lire*, while the real ordinary receipt may, according to Jacini, be computed at double that amount. Against this income of 3,150,000, the direct taxes, imperial and local, of all kinds, are taken at 1,309,000. The mortgage debt of the province, almost wholly in sums under £250, reaches 14,000,000 *lire*, and the interest 700,000 *lire*. These two sums make 2,009,000. Thus, independently of indirect taxes, there remain only 1,140,000 *lire* of income to meet a failure of crops equal to a million and a half for the vine alone.‡

* Jacini on Sondrio, Table at p. 47. † Jacini, p. 50. ‡ Pp. 52-3.

The consequence of this unparalleled state of things has been, that the inhabitants live on their little capital while it lasts, of beasts or other stock, or disappear to wander abroad, or starve; that the diseases attendant upon famine are raging; that man is consuming the food of beasts; and that in one single *Pretura* nearly six hundred properties of persons deceased remain unclaimed, because the heirs are unable to pay the tax upon their succession.

What has been said in these pages may suffice to make it understood how the mind of the rural population in the Italian provinces has undergone as towards Austria a most unfavorable change. But from the very homely question between living and dying we shall now pass to the more transcendental one between a domestic and a foreign dominion. We are among the first to lament that the ardent temperament of Italians has so commonly induced them, not only to place nationality in the front of the battle, but to argue the question of nationality itself rather upon grounds of sentiment and feeling, in a region where no State and no people can safely keep pace with them, than to exhibit the close connection that clearly subsists in their particular case between this comparatively abstract question and all those highly palpable and tangible matters which determine political, personal, and social well-being. But if they do not do themselves full justice at our bar, it is our duty to supply the lack as far as we may, and not to let slip the truth and equity of the case because in stating it they may not march according to our order of ideas.

In the brief review which we have taken of the policy and conduct of Austria in Italy since 1815, and in the picture we have sketched of the taxation of Lombardy and of Venetia, we have laid irrefragable grounds to show that the thirst for national independence in Italy is inseparably associated with the hope of relief from political servitude and from heavy practical grievance. When a man who pays two pounds out of every five in direct taxation is noisy about the independence of Italy, we need no wizard to explain to us that the human being, smarting under insult or hardship, and without hope of remedy at the hands of his rulers, does not minutely analyze the elements of his uneasiness, and is little

studious to express his feelings with precision, so that he can but express them with force. Nature herself teaches him to choose for the exponents of his grief, not the phrases which most accurately correspond with its cause, but those which come straightest from and go straightest to the understanding and the heart, and which most readily propel the electric shock of sympathy along the ranks of the community.

It is quite true that in a hundred instances the members of one race are dominant over those of another. But we doubt whether anywhere in Christendom there be an instance corresponding with the Austrian power in Italy; an instance where a people glaringly inferior in refinement rule, and that by the medium of arbitrary will, without the check of free institutions, over a race much more advanced. Of the people of Lombardy and Venetia, the Archduke their Viceroy gracefully and ingenuously says, "*in questi paesi, in cui la rapida intelligenza, e la squisitezza del tatto morale, non sono un privilegio di pochi, ma sì una dote quasi comune.*" No such inversion of the normal state can be found in the cases of the Flemings of Northern, or the Alsations of Eastern France, the Finns or even the Poles of Russia, the Slavonians or the Roumans of Austria herself. Some approach to such a case there possibly may have been in the relations of Belgium and Holland before 1830; and we have seen the result. The rule of Austria in Italy is essentially a rule of mere strength and not of superior intelligence; and though we by no means say that on this account alone it ought peremptorily to cease, yet certainly here is a reason why it should be exercised with mildness and forbearance, and, above all, with the strictest care to keep within the limits of legal rights. But the difficulties of this relation, which, from its own natural elements, has been one difficult to maintain, instead of being mitigated by gentleness and wisdom, have, as we have seen, been cruelly, perhaps hopelessly, aggravated by excess. The power which in 1856, at the Conferences of Paris, scrupulously refused to discuss the wrongs of the Neapolitan people, from its respect for the independence of a Sovereign State, was the same power that bound down that very same State by treaty to its own type of absolutism, and that was ready, as we have seen, to make war upon its King if he should betray a disposition to

dissent from the Austrian creed. The power that now so loudly invokes the faith of treaties, did not hesitate, when the times permitted her to dare so much, at pressing upon Sardinia with demands for the province of Domo d'Ossola and the fortress of Alessandria. Nor has she hesitated even in our own day to advance from the citadel into the town of Piacenza, and from the town to select and fortify points beyond it, in flat contradiction of that great European settlement, under which she at the same time seeks for shelter and for strength. The States that were parties to the Treaty of Vienna dreamed of nothing more than of placing Lombardy and Venetia in hands that would be strong enough to hold them against France, and neither directly nor indirectly recognized any titles of Austria, either military or political, beyond the line of the Po. They contemplated a composite arrangement of the Italian territory, in which there were to be securities against French ambition, but which was to have an equilibrium of its own. For this equilibrium, from that day to the present, Austria has assiduously labored to substitute her own undisguised predominance—a predominance backed by, and resting upon, an ultimate resort to force; and in this operation (witness Piacenza) she has cast treaties behind her back, nor ever dreamt of the sacredness of the independence of States, until the time came when of these principles the first was to be invoked on her own behalf, and the second on behalf of the corruption and oppression throughout Italy, of which we fear it must be said she has been the mainstay.

If then the complaint of the Italian, when literally understood, sets forth what we think little more than an imaginary hardship, we must remember that it also signifies and points to other hardships which no Englishman will hold to be imaginary. How can we doubt that the attitude of Austria in Italy requires to be reconsidered, when we find that through a long series of her own acts it has been shown to mean nothing less than an irresponsible supremacy over every State except (and that of late years) Piedmont only, a permanent immunity for every degree and description of misgovernment, and in her own provinces not only the crushing of all the elements, so ancient and historical in that country, of national life, but the use of them as the mere beast of burden upon which is to be

laid a weight that ought to be distributed over the whole of her unwieldy empire?

We have a profound sense of the sacredness of treaty engagements and of the importance of maintaining the settlement at which Europe, after such terrible and prolonged convulsions, arrived in 1815. But we must observe that a territorial title, founded upon a General Treaty, while it is a good title, is not one absolute nor indefeasible. It lies in the very nature of such a title that the Powers who concur to make it are trustees to insure the fulfilment of any terms on which it may have been established. If Austria uses her position in Lombardy and Venetia (as she has used it) to establish a supremacy over the other Italian States, her own title to Lombardy and Venetia is thereby reciprocally and greatly impaired. If, upon adding those provinces to her empire, she has not treated them as the rest of the empire is treated, but has placed them under exceptional burdens, and has fed the rest at their expense, she has not fulfilled the terms on which she took the territories; for they were given to be parts of the Austrian empire, and not to be placed in that relation to the Transalpine Provinces which the Negro in America holds to the rest of the community. The highest considerations of public prudence will indispose every diplomatist and statesman to raise questions of this description unless in the extremest case; but it cannot be denied that proceedings such as those which have been laid at the door of Austria have a tendency to raise them.

We have stated throughout the foregoing pages the case of Italy, and not of Sardinia. That country has acted in the European system for several years with a moral force far beyond the limited scale of its material resources. Under a King rigidly faithful to constitutional ideas, and a Minister of first-rate abilities, she had, before we reached the present complications, attracted the admiration, and established claims on the gratitude, of all the friends of genuine freedom throughout Europe. She had had to confront three formidable enemies; the spirit of absolutism, the spirit of ultramontaniam, and the spirit of revolution. For years she has been the main butt of the machinations of them all, and all of them she has faced at once with an unflinching resolution, and baffled with complete success. In a period of furious reaction, and

amid constant menace from within and from without, she has planted a vigorous tree of liberty that has been watered neither by blood nor tears.

While, however, her domestic government has been a conspicuous triumph of truth, reason, and justice, her foreign policy is of necessity beset with the most formidable difficulties. Schemes of territorial aggrandizement have been freely imputed to her; and, according to the meek utterances of Austria, she is the most lawless and piratical power in Europe; so that if she be but well gagged and handcuffed, all will go well and merrily in Lombardy, in Rome, and in Naples. As respects a present lust for extension of territory, we know not how it has been proved; while assuredly, if she does indeed entertain that dangerous and seductive passion, it is her friends, and not her enemies, who will have reason to lament a propensity sure to be her ruin. It may be in the designs of Providence that she shall one day be territorially great: but if she is to attain to that kind of greatness, and to join with it any durability of power, it must be by the slow growth of the oak, by the prolonged exercise of self-command and self-denial, by the careful development of her industry and her internal resources, by disinterested service to her sister States in Italy, and above all by the strictest respect for every political and legal right. But we have no just reason to presume that either the knowledge or the practice of these very obvious truths is otherwise than familiar to the Sardinian Government.

We must not, however, overlook the real difficulties of her present position, which are due principally to a necessity called into existence by Austria. The marked and prominent policy of that Empire has of itself the strongest and most resistless tendency to call, nay to force, into being its direct opposite. System generates and must be met by system: and since Austria carries her own name throughout Italy as a centre and symbol for absolutism, so every thing that reacts against her, in whatever sphere, every thing that would temper the religious extremes of modern Romanism, every thing that cherishes Italian traditions or Italian hopes, every thing that yearns for the most rudimentary forms or guarantees of freedom, must perforce be impelled to seek a contracting centre in Sardinia. Thus Sardinia cannot wholly disclaim

the function of speaking for Italy, while neither can she fully claim it. The function that is thrown upon her hands can neither be formally recognized nor absolutely disowned. It was in no small degree admitted in the Conferences of Paris: those who then admitted it seem now to shrink from the consequences of their admission. We can scarcely wonder at it: but if Sardinia be troublesome and even formidable in this respect, with the whole national sentiment of Italy watching and following her movements, it is the short-sighted violence of Austria that has made her so by taking care that the Italians shall have no other organ.

Other circumstances have contributed to enhance the critical character of her position. With a readiness which some thought over bold, but at which England at least cannot cavil, Sardinia took her share in the war against Russia. It was innocent and natural that, when peace returned, she should be desirous to avoid exasperating a Power from which during peace she might receive much injury, while she could inflict little in return. At that time it so happened, and most unfortunately, at least with reference to the Italian question, that the views of England in regard to Eastern policy took a direction corresponding with the ideas of the Austrian Government, and adverse to those of France. This difference and this ominous accordance were developed chiefly in the discussions on the important question of the Danubian Principalities. France and Russia were favorable to their union. Austria was supported by England in resisting it. Sardinia thus found Austria pursuing on the Danube her Italian system, and steadily resisting whatever promised the development of national life, or of political freedom. Every motive drawn from her own position, and her ties with Italy, drew her accordingly towards the side of France. But candor compels us to admit that she had other, and yet more legitimate reasons for her course. It was generally held in the Conferences at Paris, that the Principalities ought to be united, if union were to be found agreeable to the sense of the people; and, in order to recognize this criterion, an Article on the Treaty of 1856 provided for a formal and solemn appeal to them on the subject. The appeal was made, and the response of Moldavia and Wallachia, when at length permitted to be heard, was nearly unanimous in

the sense of Union. England claimed her right to act upon her second thoughts, and opposed the measure which at Paris she had strongly favored: but Sardinia, in taking part with the French Government and with Russia for the Union, committed no other crime than consistently adhering to the lessons we had taught her. The course was blameless, nay praiseworthy, but the consequence was unfortunate. It threw her, for the purposes of European combinations, into the arms of France: and there she still remains.

The charges of Austria against Sardinia appear to consist mainly in the vague and impalpable imputation, that she propagates revolutionary opinions and aims at territorial aggrandizement. They are entirely indeterminate and unsustained by particular evidence. The propagation of revolutionary ideas seems to resolve itself into this: that the institutions of Sardinia, and the tone of her public men, as it conforms to them, of themselves form an active and standing protest against Austria. Just, however, in the same manner, in his dispatch of February 26, Count Buol, while defending the policy of his Court, declares that Italy is unfit for free institutions, and thus on his side directly impugns the institutions and therefore the independence of Sardinia. It is no more than fair to both parties to admit that the antagonism between them does not depend upon the mere will of the moment: it is deeply grounded in the modes of government which they have respectively thought proper to pursue.

But where is the evidence to sustain the charge against Sardinia of aggressive designs on the territory of Austria? It cannot suffice to refer to the war of 1848-9. Austria herself inflicted, and was justified in inflicting the punishment for that war which she thought sufficient. Sardinia smarted for her offence: why should we suppose that she means to repeat it? It is positively disclaimed by Count Cavour, who promises not to be the aggressor. In truth, the question where the immediate responsibility must lie for the present state of tension, ever threatening an outburst, turns very much upon facts and dates which would appear to acquit Sardinia. The speech of the King, which, if unprovoked, might certainly have been resented, was, we believe, delivered on the 10th of January; but the reply, we perhaps ought to add

the unanswered reply, of Count Cavour is this: that Austria had dispatched a new *corps d'armée* into Lombardy before this speech was delivered. It is true that before this movement the Emperor of the French had previously used ominous words at Paris to M. Hübner on the occasion of the new year; but these words had no reference to Italy, and Piedmont cannot without evidence be held responsible for the acts of Louis Napoleon. At the same time she admits that upon being made aware of the military movements of the Austrians, she appealed to France for protection, and received the promise of it.

Let us now endeavor to obtain a summary view of this tangled group of hostile or irregular relations between States and countries. If we are to consider the case as between Italy at large and Austria, it presents a long and dismal score of misdeeds which call loudly, if not for retribution, yet for remedy. If we take it as between Austria and France, then the first menace undoubtedly proceeded from the latter. If we regard it as between Austria and Sardinia, it appears that, as far as overt acts of recent dates are concerned, it is Austria and not Sardinia which has first given ground for remonstrance and for alarm. As respects the past, to say nothing of the sequestrations, the chain of treaties between Austria and the States contiguous with Sardinia, and the illegal extension of the fortifications of Piacenza, seem to throw upon that Empire a responsibility not the less heavy because it has been unacknowledged. But finally, if we view the question as between Sardinia and France, it must be plain to every impartial mind that the consequence of a prayer for military protection is an immediate and heavy loss in point of independence; and that, though time has in some degree weakened the remembrance of French occupation in northern Italy, it cannot be viewed otherwise than with feelings of aversion and alarm by any friend either to freedom or to the Italian Peninsula. Our fears suggest that only when the Parthian shall drink of the Arar, and Germany of the Tigris, when the thorn shall bring forth its grapes, and the thistle its figs, will the hero of the second of December, on one side of the Alps become the champion of constitutional freedom on the other. And we perceive with regret, but without surprise, that the

bastard relation to France, and the mutual courtship that has been going on, have found their way into that region of thought in which at least Italy was her own mistress, and are sapping the integrity which Austria could not ravish from her pen. There is a tendency to look back with favor on the greatest of European Anarchs and Aggressors, the First Napoleon. And in the first of his letters to Lord John Russell, the historian Farini, rendering a *debtor* and *creditor* account of what has been done for and against liberty of late years in Europe, reckons on the bright side the erection of the Belgian and Greek kingdoms, the union, or approach to union, of the Danubian Principalities, the new Swiss Constitution, with the emancipation of Neuchâtel; and then winds up the catalogue with the re-establishment of the Napoleonic dynasty and Empire!

We are by no means willing to admit that the root of all these mischiefs and dangers lies in the Treaty of 1815, but it certainly springs in great part out of the manner in which Austria has used the position that the Treaty had conferred upon her. It is vain to say that contingent rights of succession entitle her to make compacts with Italian Governments which bind her to support them against their subjects, and thus act upon the mode in which they are at present governed. It is scarcely less vain to say that concessions by Austria in Lombardy and Venetia would only put arms into the hands of her subjects, whereby to extort their absolute independence. The very persons who would hold this language are the same who told with glee in 1848 of the neutrality of the rural populations or even their positive favor towards Austria. But the *contadini* are now in scores and hundreds passing over into Piedmont, and ready to take up arms. Can we then doubt that what harshness and oppression have done, lenity and liberality would have avoided, and might possibly still mitigate or undo? But in truth this is an argument which is invariably employed against every measure which enlarges either national or popular privilege; an argument which involves the total suppression of public right, and simply consecrates in disguise the law of the strongest: an argument to which no political party in England can give its sanction, and which is in flat contradiction with every page of our history, and every item of our traditions. If matters

had, indeed, reached that point of desperation which this mode of reasoning always presupposes, it would only prove the intensity and inveteracy of the evils which Austrian policy had begotten, and then the only just inference would be that she must surrender the power she had hopelessly abused.

But it has not even now been proved that we have arrived at this extremity. There is much in the state of Italy which renders it hard for Austria to retract or bend; but if to recede from her highhanded policy be danger, to persist is ruin; and even without the over-bold assumption that conscience can enter into policy, she had better withdraw a stake than continually double it in a losing game. Her difficulties are those which always attend upon repentance. That operation is harder for States than it is for individuals; but it is also more inevitable; the question is only one of time, and the draught becomes more and more bitter as the moment for draining it is longer postponed. Let us now consider what is wanted. To begin from the south of the Peninsula: the Government of Naples, bad as it may be, has nothing in its nature to render it incurable. Every disease may be rendered desperate by obstinate maltreatment; but the prescriptions which brought round Sardinia may yet avail for Naples. The case of the Papal States is far more serious. A fundamental change has taken place since 1814, when Pius VII. was restored, if not with the enthusiasm yet with the good will of the people. But now, for ten long years, it has required the agency of two great military monarchies to keep them down. The miserable figment called a Papal army is not yet reconstructed. Nor is there the smallest hope that the temporal authority can ever be maintained except by the detestable means which are now employed for the purpose by one Emperor with reluctance, and by another as it appears with glee; since, says Count Buol, the sorrows of Italy are pretended sorrows, and the only needful business of the Congress if it meets will be to correct the haughtiness of Sardinia. We trust, and we venture to believe that Lord Malmesbury is alive to the gravity of the Roman case, and to the utter impossibility of reconciling clerical dominion over three millions of men with peace, law, or order. It may be that the obstinacy and power of the Latin priesthood, diffused through so many

countries, may avail to darken the views or to prevent the efficient action of the European Powers on this vital subject. But let there be no mistake; if an influence so hateful shall be exerted and shall succeed, the effect of the success will only be to drive into the sphere of religion itself that discontent which is still in a great degree confined to civil matters. The Gospel itself is no Gospel, it is no message of peace, but a message of strife, stagnation, imbecility, and anarchy, in the eyes of men who see it blazoned as a plea for the maintenance of a Government wholly and hopelessly impotent for its proper ends, and involving in its fundamental idea an inversion of the natural order which is justly felt to be intolerable. We cannot establish a Parliament in Rome or in Bologna, and exempt the huge property in mortmain, or the privileges of the ecclesiastical forum, from its regulating touch. We cannot put such a body in charge of the civil interests of the country, and at the same time invade its province on every side by the demands of the Canon Law. Let the Pope have dignity, let him have security, let him have wealth; do not stint these in measure, surround them with the firmest guarantees that public law can devise, or the most scrupulous timidity desire; but let us not dream of free institutions under a papal monarchy; let us not expect of three millions of Italians that they shall solve single-handed a European problem; let us extricate ourselves from the mischievous sophism which would exclude from this great civil and political business more than half of the Great Powers of Europe, because they are not in spiritual submission to the Pope. The only possible remedy for the existing evils is the absolute and permanent separation of the temporal from the spiritual power. The only agency capable of effecting it is the agency of United Europe: and the language to be respectfully but firmly held to the Sovereign Pontiff may be borrowed from an ancient poet:—

"Miserere tuorum;

Pone animos; et pulsus abi. Sat funera fusi
Vidimus, ingentes et desolavimus agros." *

The case of Tuscany, which has been set forth in one of the works we have named, would well deserve a distinct examination, but we must be content to take it along with those of the minor duchies, and to dismiss

them in a sentence. We cannot believe that any Congress can meet to discuss Italian affairs which will deem its work either concluded, or even well begun, until it shall have procured the cancelling of the Treaties which establish the Austrian predominance in these little States.

But what is to be done with Venetia and Lombardy? Can it be shown by or on behalf of Austria that she gives those countries fair play, in the sense of equality with the rest of the Empire? If it cannot, in vain will she urge that the proceedings of 1815 entitle her to exclude from the view of a Congress the condition of her Italian Provinces. It is not enough to say that Lombardy has been in various respects better governed than some of the other States of Italy. As Austria took upon her to absolve those governments from the ordinary motives to govern well, their bad government is really hers. She knew, when she established her system, that they were small States, their machinery less effective and less highly organized, their abuses less open to such corrective influence as is supplied by the action of European opinion. She knew that their government, if conducted on the same principles with hers, must needs in general be conducted worse. Her enemies do not scruple to charge her with an intention to profit by the comparisons which were to be drawn to her advantage between the States which she ruled directly and those whose condition she determined through the medium of their own dependent governments. Whether this be so or not, she is certainly not entitled to measure her merits upward from a standard, which she herself has mainly contributed to depress.

While we think that Austria is not in a condition to withdraw the case of Lombardy from the scrutiny of the Powers of Europe, we must not omit to ask what it is that the interests of that Empire, when well understood, really require. It seems impossible to believe that she derives a balance of advantage from the present state of things. She requires to maintain, in respect of her Italian dominions, an army entirely out of proportion to the numbers of her subjects there. She must be prepared with the means of defence, first against foreign foes and next against a hostile population: and besides all this she must have forces available at any and every moment for those foreign occupations in the

other Italian States, which are, as we have seen, so frequent and extended, that they can scarcely be termed exceptional. If, as now in the Legations, the subjects of those States are burdened for the support of her troops, this exaction, odious in the highest degree, must still be much below the real expense of the corresponding establishments. If, as in Lombardy and Venetia, she throws back a part of her extra charge in the shape of exceptional taxation on those provinces, this excess of fiscal burdens constitutes a new and heavy grievance, and itself deepens the fountain of bitter waters out of which it springs. All this time the name of Austria stands for a byword of hatred and disgust among twenty-four millions of civilized men, suffers disparagement beyond the Alps with the whole of Europe, and affords an opening to her enemies to menace her security on the score of her Italian offences and the dangers they have engendered.

The relation which has been long established between the three Principalities and the Ottoman Porte would, it may perhaps be found, afford in principle the basis of a new arrangement which should be favorable to the interests at once of Austria and of her Italian provinces. The main conditions on which it rests are these: First, the modified and partial sovereignty called suzerainty is acknowledged to belong to the central power. Secondly the provinces thus placed in subordination are liable to a fixed pecuniary contribution. Thirdly, the suzerain has no rights or liabilities whatever in regard to them, except such as are strictly defined. Fourthly, they enjoy an internal autonomy practically complete, with their own native legislature, administration, and army. A plan like this is more or less involved in the suggestions of Count Cavour. But that which, as might be expected, he propounds in a sense wholly anti-Austrian, as also probably not without Gallican inspiration, and which would for him be little more than a provisional arrangement, English opinion could only approve as an enduring settlement, established in the interest of all. It may be that Sardinia would desire only to accept a settlement of this nature, as Mr. Bright would accept any moderate Reform Bill. But even if she cherished the will, she would soon have lost the power of annoyance. The Lombards and Venetians, with an Italian Government of their own, and under a head

independent of Vienna for all ordinary purposes, would have no desire to merge themselves in a territory which inherits less than they do in the glory of Italian traditions. Austria would get rid of her exceptional military burdens, of the odium which cleaves to her position, and of the political weakness that such odium must always bring. She might, perhaps, be justified in asking more. She might possibly require, as the price of so considerable a boon, that the pecuniary liabilities, which Lombardy and Venetia would have to assume in fair proportion to the debt of the empire, should not only be established in the forms least likely to give rise to future complications, but should be recognized and guaranteed by the Great Powers of Europe.

A plan of this kind would be at once easier and more effective than the attempt to establish a mere Constitution for the Italian Provinces. On the one hand, such a Constitution could not be granted without reviving highly critical questions, with which Europe has no title or occasion to interfere, for other portions of the Austrian Empire. On the other hand, if it were in existence, it would still leave in full force the difficulties arising from the attempt to mix in administration and in military defence the German and Italian elements; while the means are not easily to be conceived which would keep a free local Legislature in harmony with a central executive and administrative power at Vienna.

Upon the whole it would appear that the difficulties of the Italian question, viewed in cool blood and with an impartial desire for justice, are in themselves most serious, yet not absolutely insurmountable. But there are at least Four Powers in immediate contact with the case, any one of which may by misconduct go far to render it entirely hopeless. If Austria has learned nothing, and if her future proceedings are to be inferred simply from the sad picture of the past; if France is concealing dynastic ambition under the cloak of Italian wrongs; if Sardinia shall substitute for self-command, for development from within, and for content with moral influence, the vulgar and unwholesome appetite for territorial extension; in any of these cases the existing difficulties will be so much aggravated as almost to defy the boldest and most skilful hands. If, again, the bigotry and craft of the Roman Court, working upon the susceptibilities of a religious party, shall induce

the Powers of Europe to adopt in the States of the Church a superficial instead of a drastic mode of treatment, then even the best arrangements for the rest of Italy must fail.

Of all these Powers, however, France is the one which will be charged with the heaviest responsibility. Sardinia is not likely to set up her claims against the will of Europe. The Pope, who, as a temporal sovereign, lives on alms, cannot, except by the connivance of others, assume the airs of independence. Austria herself may be constrained into reason by the union of three Powers greater still than she is; of France, England, and Russia. But if France be resolved to go wrong, none can bring her right, nor counteract effectually the consequences of her error. She cannot, indeed, bend Europe to her will; but yet she is strong enough to paralyze that commanding union of force and authority, by which alone, placed on the side of right, the Italian question can be peacefully adjusted.

It is a point of fearful interest to ascertain who it is that at this moment stays the progress of peaceful negotiation. We know indeed too well who it was that was arresting it some three weeks ago. Our readers have seen in the public journals the letter of Count Buol, dated March 23, to M. Balabine, the Russian minister at Vienna: together with this note of the 31st to Lord A. Loftus, inclosing the four English propositions, and the version of them, altered even to caricature, which was proposed by the Austrian Government. These documents can hardly have been read without astonishment by any one who has taken the pains to examine them as he went along. The British Government, in terms necessarily somewhat general, had proposed that the business of the expected Congress should be to consider: 1. Means of assuring peace between Austria and Sardinia; 2. The evacuation of the Roman States, and generally Italian Reforms; 3. A new combination among the Italian States at large to replace the special treaties of Austria; but 4. Subject to the conditions of the existing territorial arrangements, and of the Treaty of Vienna.* Under the modest title of "Observa-

* The expression used is the Treaties of 1815. (We quote from the *Times* of April 14.) But this is probably an error, as two of the special treaties, and one of the very worst among them, were concluded in that year. Another text of these proposals is given in the *Morning Post* of April 18th.

tions," the Cabinet of Vienna essentially alters every one of these proposals. For the first, she reads, that the Congress shall "examine the means of bringing Sardinia back to the fulfilment of her international duties." For the second, she supplies this addition, that any decision must depend upon the States directly interested. For the third, that the special treaties are not to be questioned, but may be produced if other Powers do the like, and it may then be examined how far any of either hers or theirs can usefully be modified. For the fourth, Austria, while professing "perfectly to agree," interpolates, with something almost like fraud, a reservation of what she calls "the arrangements concluded in execution of those acts." She then benevolently adds, that the Congress may consider of an understanding for the simultaneous disarming of the Great Powers: which it is plain principally means, that she is not herself to disarm before the Congress meets; and Count Buol hereupon claims from the British Government, in consideration of the proofs given in this paper of moderation and love for peace, that it shall urge France to join it in insisting that Sardinia shall immediately disarm, under the plea that pacific deliberations are impossible amid "the clang of arms." Austrian metal, we presume, does not ring.

We are at a loss to know how, without breach of the decorum due to these grave subjects, to characterize these extraordinary documents as they deserve. They seem to take for granted, either the deplorable stupidity or the hopeless corruption of the Governments to which they are addressed. They exhibit Sardinia simply as a criminal to be chastised by public justice. They require her at once to strip for the administration of the lash. In all cases except that of Sardinia, who is to be superseded by others, they remit every question, through the medium of the parties directly interested, that is to say, the local Italian Sovereigns, to the judgment of Austria herself. It is well, indeed, for that purblind Power, that the patience of European diplomacy was not exhausted, even upon receiving these desperate and daring propositions. Had they been taken as an *ultimatum*, war must have been immediate: and Austria would have entered into a struggle of life and death with a fearful weight of blood-guiltiness on her head.

But never let us despair of overcoming

Italian pertinacity, when we find that even such obstinacy as was evinced in these most singular documents is not immovable. We have seen no more recent information conveyed in official language: but it is clearly understood that the absurd demand that Sardinia alone should disarm has disappeared. It is supposed that, after thus far successfully confronting Austrian unreason, negotiation has since had for a time to encounter that of France; and that the question at present depending is that of a general disarming of the three States. We must, however, express our doubts whether this is the proper time for proposing to disarm. The very word may bear a thousand senses. The natural place for such a measure would appear to be after the main matters in dispute have been settled by negotiation: and the introduction of it at this stage, to whomsoever it may be due, can hardly have any other effect than to delay the meeting of the Congress upon which alone such hopes of peace as may still remain must depend.

We rejoice to see on every side the growing conviction that the first duty of England is to labor for peace, and that in laboring for peace she must keep her eye steadily fixed, not only on the acts and motives of the hour, but upon that heavy mass of grievance, that long course of aggression and misgovernment in the Italian peninsula, which alone have made such acts and motives possible. Peace itself is not a blessing when we purchase it upon conditions which from their very nature accumulate the materials of future indeed, but fiercer and more profound, convulsion. The great Italian reckoning grows from year to year more entangled, more difficult of settlement. Let Europe have peace by all means upon any terms that will mitigate the sharpness and lessen the mass of human suffering; upon any terms except such as basely sell the birthright of the future for the mess of pottage that is to feed only the hunger of to-day. May Heaven prosper the efforts which we believe that our Foreign Minister is making for peace in the sense we have described, but may Heaven also forbid that if he fail, he should set the seal of the approval or the silence of England on that shameful policy, which has so long inflicted on the Italian people the doom of mingled oppression and dishonor!

As far as it is possible to forecast the attitude of parties at the opening of a conflict now

too probable, it seems plain that the neutrality of England will in all likelihood be matter not prudence only, but of the very highest moral obligation. The relief of Italy is an honorable end, but it must not be sought by unholy means, such as would be countenance given to schemes, in whatever quarter, of selfish and reckless ambition. The power of Austria is vital to the *equilibrium* of Europe: but we must not be parties to defending, for the sake of that power, the acts and maxims by which she has been the means of inflicting beyond the Alps such woes on mankind. If we cannot assist Louis Napoleon without the fear of promoting piracy, so neither can we help Austria without the certainty of becoming the tools of tyranny. Our task should be to keep our moral and material force entire and unimpaired, to stand wholly clear of any selfish interest, to urge on this side and on that the claims of reason and justice, to concentrate as far as may be independent European opinion in the same sense, and to abide the opportunities which time may place at our command.

We could wish that our internal condition were more entirely favorable to the attainment of these great ends; but we are unhappily saddled, in this agony of the fate of Europe, with the discussion of a domestic question of organic change. To guide us through the mazes of this question, we have not the advantages of the landmarks which are supplied either by glaring public evils, or by pronounced popular desire. The early stages as yet attempted towards a settlement have not been happily or safely accomplished. We began

with a bill which caused a convulsion in the Cabinet, and deprived Lord Derby of the assistance of two of his most valuable colleagues. We had next a Resolution, which was supported and carried by statesmen irreconcilably at variance among themselves as to its purpose and effect. Defeat on this Resolution is now followed by an appeal from the Parliament to the country. We believe that Lord Malmesbury will continue to address himself to the discharge of his duties with an enlightened impartiality, and in the temper which befits the representative of his country. But the main strength of every English minister lies in the confidence of the Sovereign and of the nation as represented by the Parliament. It is probable that those weeks, during which no Parliament will exist, may be critical and even decisive. This is against us, and is against the peace of Europe. All we can hope is that, by virtue of his own good sense and good feeling, and with the able assistance that he will have at his command, Lord Malmesbury will confine this evil within the narrowest bounds he may, by taking care, whether from his desk in Downing Street, or when he assumes his seat in the still shadowy Congress, to own no allegiance to any cause less worthy than the cause of Peace founded upon Justice, and to speak in those manly and simple tones which are not and cannot be disowned by any party recognized among us, or by any ministry formed out of any combination, because they are the faithful echo of the sentiments cherished by the whole people of England.

THE fortune of M. About's book on "The Roman Question" is made. By order of the Imperial Press Bureau it has been seized and confiscated, and the Paris publisher put under menace of prosecution. Of course, all the world is asking for it, and, strange to say, it is to be bought, under the rose, from almost every bibliopole in Paris and the departments. It has also, as our Roman correspondent tells us, found its way into Rome in an Italian dress, and, being prohibited in that city, has an immense sale. The pious shrug their shoulders and the wicked laugh in their sleeves: for every one seems conscious of the farce played by the Im-

perial Government; and every one knows that the sham prohibition will be followed by a sham prosecution and a sham sentence. By forcing on a public trial, the high Roman party will cause the hardest hits in the volume to be reproduced, as part of the evidence, in every newspaper in France and Italy, and read by millions who would never have seen them in their original form. If, as some say, the French are preparing Fontainebleau for Pio Nono, a mock prosecution of M. About's publisher would seem to be the proper prelude of his transfer to France.—*Athenaeum* 21 May.

From Titan.

A STRANGE LIFE.*

DURING the long and gloomy period when the wings of the French eagle overshadowed Germany, amid the national disunion and disaster and incompetence in high places, there were also some sunny spots on which the heart of the patriot still delights to dwell; when party jealousies and divided nationalities were forgotten, and one common cause was made against the foreign foe. Conspicuous among those who did well for their Fatherland was that band of heroes formed in Prussia during the war of the liberation, and known as the Black Riders, having assumed a black dress, and sworn to wear it until their country was released from bondage. Their ranks were filled from every class of society, from the roving artisan with his wallet on his back, to the hard-reading student and man of letters; from the raw stripling scarcely released from school, to the gray-haired man already standing on the brink of a new world. The cry of pain which rent the land woke an echo in every breast. The crowded events of the last few years have placed a chasm between us and the recent past; it is already a matter of ancient history; and our children read of the wars of the First Napoleon as they do Cæsar's Commentaries. Yet daily some one is dropping into the grave who played a part in that fierce struggle, or who was familiar with the actors, civil and military, of that momentous period. As each one departs it wakes a faint echo of the past, and we are startled to think how much of the world's history can be lived through in one short human life. It is not to their deeds alone that the Black Riders owe the hold they have on their countrymen. Those deeds have been sung by their patriot poet in words which appeal to every gallant heart. Few men have had a career more brief and brilliant, or earned a more lasting reputation than Theodor Körner; he fell "fighting and singing for his fatherland." Wherever the German language is spoken his lays will be sung. Weber's music has made them a part of the voice of the people. Their sound accompanies the stroke of the axe, far in the wilds of America, where the emigrant lightens his labor with the voice of song; and at night, when he rests

by the smoke of his log fire, he makes the woods resound with the wild chorus of "Lutzow's wilde verwegene Jagd."

There are few of our readers who do not know something about Adolph von Lutzow, who led and disciplined with so much skill and success the heterogeneous mass of volunteers who formed the band of Black Riders. Some thoughts have been suggested to us by reading the Biography of his widow, Gräfin Eliza von Ahlefeldt, who died about three years ago, and whose life has lately been written by Ludmilla Assing, a niece of the well-known Varnhagen von Ense. We are not going to trouble our readers with political reflections nor with historic matter. For those who desire such information there is an excellent abridgment and translation of Varnhagen von Ense's copious history of "The War of Liberation," and those who wish for more can turn to the ponderous tomes of history. The book before us is in some respects a curious one, and affords a peculiar view of German life. It is not a very interesting volume, and has no pretensions to literary merit of any kind; but the simplicity with which the authoress narrates and views domestic relations, so very different from our insular notions, gives it a sort of interest and zest for us in spite of its tedious style, which induces us to offer our readers a slight sketch of it. We shall not trouble them with many extracts, but give an outline of the story, and now and then add the authoress' simple commentary.

Eliza Davida Margareta, Gräfin von Ahlefeldt-Lauzwig, was born, A.D. 1790, in the castle of Fraunkijör, in Langeland in Denmark. Her father, Count Frederick, was the head of a noble old Danish family. He was rich and powerful, stood high in the royal favor, and was chamberlain to King Frederick VI. of Denmark, who honored the old castle of Fraunkijör by the sea-side, with several royal visits, a piece of grace which may help to account for the rapid diminution of the Count's fortune. At Copenhagen he basked in the sunshine of royal smiles; the king loved his jovial subject. He was a handsome man, of a stately bearing and an excitable temperament; much given to the chase and to all sorts of manly pleasures. His wife, Louise Charlotte von Hedemann, though warmly attached to him, was of very different tastes. Of German parentage, cultivated mind,

* Gräfin Eliza von Ahlefeldt, Die Gattin Adolphus von Lutzow, Die Freundin Karl Immermann's. Eine Biographie, von Ludmilla von Assing. Berlin: Verlag von Franz Duncker. 1857.

and quiet habits, she was not formed to accord happily with the Scandinavian propensities of her spouse. Eliza was the only one of their offspring who survived infancy. As a child she was treated with great tenderness by both parents, and somewhat of her wayward fancies may be ascribed to her having had six aunts, who rivalled each other in the pains they took to cultivate her bodily and mental graces. The authoress mentions this with honest satisfaction; we, for our part, give the child credit for having survived such treatment, knowing the amount of bodily and mental pressure which consists with Teutonic notions. She seems, however, to have had an excellent governess, to whom she remained grateful all her life, and by whom, probably, she was rescued from the worst effects of family spoiling. Thanks to her care she grew up a very captivating girl, full of talent and culture, warm-hearted, *spirituelle*, and enthusiastic in temperament; not very tall in person, with charming, large, blue eyes, an abundance of fair hair, and a lovely skin, her sweet, young face full of sunshine, and breaking out into smiles; she had hands and feet of unusual beauty, and moved with a grace all her own. This fairy could ride and dance and sing, as no other girl in Copenhagen could. No wonder, therefore, with her freshness and her loveliness, if the young heiress turned the heads of half the court, and had even princes at her feet. The disjointed style of panegyric in which our authoress indulges, as well as a very hideous little print at the beginning of the volume, might throw some doubts on the beauty of our heroine, were it not obvious from her history that she possessed that nameless charm, that union of personal and mental attractions which gives some women such a wonderful power to sway men's minds. In her case few who approached her could resist her influence.

The young Dane's first experience in life was, unfortunately, domestic quarrels. Her father, Graf Frederich, was, as we have said, a pleasure-loving man; besides the chase he loved also music and the drama; he turned his old hall into a private theatre, and filled his feudal castle with actors and actresses, and would willingly have made his daughter take a part also, but this she positively declined. He was not a man who confined himself to *les plaisirs innocents*; and as his jovial nature and lavish expenditure made the old castle

attractive even to royal guests, it may be easily imagined that domestic happiness was not increased. The tie at the hearth was broken, and his wife thought it best to retire with her daughter, who was just grown up, and live in seclusion elsewhere. Eliza was at this time about sixteen or seventeen; she had spent one gay winter at Copenhagen, she now passed one in perfect retirement with her mother. In spring, however, Gräfin Ahlefeldt thought, as every German would think so placed, that her health required her to go to a bath. She therefore set out, accompanied by her daughter and a young English friend, to "make the cure," as they express it at Neundorf.

Here our heroine met her fate in the person of Adolph von Lützow, afterwards so celebrated as the leader of the squadron of volunteers who played such a glorious part in the war of the liberation. Eliza's whole sympathies went with her German mother and governess, and she identified herself entirely with that suffering nation. Lützow had not yet a European name, but he possessed in a high degree those soldierly and manly qualities likely to kindle the enthusiasm and excite the feelings of a young girl, devoted with all the fire of youth to the cause of freedom and the fatherland, and full of hatred to the French. He already bore the scars of many battles; a wounded soldier, young and handsome, what could be more irresistible! and that he was poor, hardly entitled by his position to aspire to the hand of so great an heiress, completed the charm. The mother made no opposition to her daughter's wishes; probably her experiences at Fraunkijör had not tended to make her overvalue rank or magnificence; but it was a difficult matter to talk over the Count; he had no idea of throwing away his handsome young heiress on a nameless Prussian officer. The young lady, however, was firm, the lover urgent; the father made conditions, to which Lützow consented—to what would he not have agreed to gain his beloved! The principal of these was, that he was to leave the Prussian service, and settle in Denmark; and he actually took some steps towards complying with this plan. On the understanding that he was to do so, they were united in March, 1810.

After his marriage, Lützow took his bride to Berlin, where the Court was in mourning for the amiable and beautiful Queen Louisa.

These were heavy years of public life, a lull in the strife, but no repose; but they were years of domestic peace to our heroine, broken, however, by the death of her loving mother, who closed her joyless existence at Copenhagen. After her mother's death Eliza never sang again, her fine voice left her; her whole heart had been with her German mother, and she mourned for her bitterly, finding consolation, however, in her husband being also a German, and much satisfied that he was still in the Prussian service and had not settled in Denmark. The dowry promised by Graf Frederich had never been paid, and their straightened circumstances rendered such a step impossible.

The cry of war which sounded through the length and breadth of the land in 1813, has left its echo behind it, sounding even now through the tumultuous period which has followed it. "Let the youth of thy people arm themselves to defend the fatherland," said the king: and up rose the people like one man. The young man brought his youth and strength, the old man his experience, the scholar cast aside his pen, the painter forsook his palette, the philosopher his books; and the women came, as the Israelites of old, with jewels of gold and jewels of silver in their hands, and things more precious far—relics, perhaps, of those who were dead and gone; nothing was withheld from the altar of patriotism. That army was a motley crew: gray-beards of seventy, in strange old armor, coming like the knights of old, and bearing with them quaint devices, "fresh, free, pious, and joyful," one old giant wielding the sword of justice, as the only weapon he could find suitable to his huge hand; beside these, perhaps a troop of chubby boys. We do not attempt to give names. Each Prussian who can count an ancestor among them, does so with honest pride. Körner, whose short life was a poem, has made us familiar with their deeds; there were two friends, however, August von Vietinghoff and Frederick Friesen, whose romantic history must claim from us presently a few words.

With the enthusiastic approbation of his wife, Lützow undertook the task of disciplining this heterogeneous band. He was the right man in the right place; a bold rider, a fearless soldier, and famed for deeds of personal daring. He possessed, above all, the quality of swaying masses of men, taken as

they were from all classes of civil life, and of welding them into one solid and compact body of efficient soldiers, ready for every emergency, and each man inspired with zeal for the cause for which he fought. * He had an able assistant in his wife; she was secretary, sick-nurse, counsellor, and sympathizer, wherever there was need.

It is easy to imagine the power which a beautiful and intellectual woman, with all the charm of high birth and polish, and all the ardor of her sex, had over these various men; and we believe that her husband owed no little of his great success to the magic of her presence. Her womanly influence touched the rude natures of many of the corps, while the more refined turned to her ready sympathy as to a real blessing. She accompanied her husband to Breslau, where the enrolment of the troops was going rapidly on; in the crowded town they could get no accommodation, except in a mean public house, a sort of beer-cellar. There, in that low room, surrounded by sordid accessories, the fair young girl sat, looking quite glorified in her womanly grace and childish matronly dignity, with a large book open before her, in which she inscribed the name of every recruit as he passed, and for each one she had a word of encouragement and hope; while her mild blue eyes beamed with enthusiasm. No wonder that the men adored her! and that Lützow's hussars were proud of bearing her name. She was her husband's right hand, and happy in his love; and until the eventful day of Waterloo concluded the war, she accompanied him through all the horrors of the campaign; assisting, by her presence, to kindle the zeal of the soldiers, sharing their hardships, and performing the woman's part of tending the sick with untiring diligence. The two younger Lützows, who served with their brother, bear testimony to her care of her husband, who, rash to a fault, never left a field uncoated; in fact, his wounds were so numerous that he was always half an invalid, and had generally to be assisted into his saddle, but once there his seat was perfect, he was the very model of a hussar officer—"ohne Furcht und Tadel." Now and then there was a short breathing-time, and many of the officers speak of those charming days at Cleves, when there was a brief respite, and when Lützow used to take them to a country house, where he lived, near the town, where his wife received them in a

garden bower, and during the soft summer evening they talked over their well-fought fields, among green leaves, and tasted eagerly, for a brief moment, the sweets of peace and of friendship. No one spoke of the future, but many a brave comrade was remembered there, with the brief epitaph of love,—“the tears though few sincerely shed.”

We must digress a few moments, to give the little episode of Vietinghoff and Friesen's romantic friendship. It is the old classic story, clothed in modern life. Friesen seems to have been the beloved of all,—one of those rare natures seen just now and then, and generally cut off in their prime. He had a lion's heart, with a woman's softness, and almost womanly beauty. His brother in arms, the stout-hearted old Jahn, describes him as having been “faultless in mind and body, innocent and wise, eloquent like a seer, a very Siegfried, full of gifts and grace.” Arndt, the poet, speaks of him as “a beam of beauty.” His letters prove him to have been of a warm-hearted and manly nature, a good son and friend, not ashamed to own the despair he felt at his mother's loss. There is something very kindly in the conclusion of one of his letters written to Frau von Lützow during the invasion of Holstein,—“Do not forget us, good, kind Eliza; do not blame us if your countrymen are rather roughly handled; we pay for what we can. Does not Adolph owe the happiness of his life to this country, and do not I, too, owe it to the blessing of heavenly friendship?” In the excitement of a camp life, it is not wonderful that when each day brought its events, each night should also bring its visions, to a woman of highly nervous and excitable temperament. On the night of the 15th of March, 1814, it seemed to Eliza von Lützow as if Frederick Friesen approached her bedside, pointing to his bleeding wounds. The impression was so strong on her mind, that she awoke her attendant, who, of course, saw nothing.

Curious to say, five days later, on the anniversary of their marriage-day, they received intelligence that Friesen had been murdered on that very 15th of March near the forest of Ardennes. Lützow's grief was as sincere as her own, for he was the chosen friend of them both. This little incident was afterwards woven into a romance by Karl Immermann, in his novel, the *Epigonen*, which though admired at the time it was written, is

now little known or read. August von Vietinghoff entered Lützow's squadron at the same time as Frederick Friesen. These two young men were bound together by a devoted friendship; in life they were inseparable companions, and the tie was to last beyond the grave; for Friesen made his friend promise, that if he fell in a foreign country, he would carry his bones back to his fatherland. On the 15th of March, 1814, Friesen was murdered in the forest of Ardennes, not very far from Rheims, by a party of peasants, who fell upon him while alone and leading his horse through a by-way in the wood. The end of the same month the news reached his friend, as he was with the infantry division of Lützow's squadron near Mecklenburg. Vietinghoff's first wish was to discharge his promise to his friend, to find his bones and lay them in kindred dust. The conclusion of peace, however, obliged a retreat from France. In 1815, when the war again broke out, his most ardent desire was to return to France; but though he did so for a fourth time, and was quartered near Ardennes, his duties rendered it impossible for him to undertake his task for a long time. At last, the end of November, 1816, he received information that a subaltern of his regiment had got a present of a Prussian official seal from the host of an inn at Lannoy, with the history that it was the seal of an officer who had been shot in the wood of Huilleux, by some peasants, in March, 1814, who had stripped him and left him there, but that afterwards the body had been taken by the authorities and interred with Christian service in the churchyard of La Lobbe. Vietinghoff recognized the seal as having been the property of Friesen, from a mark he had jestingly cut on it to make sure of keeping the eagle's head at the top when he used it. On this he began his search, and, after some inquiries, found the party of peasants who had met Friesen in the wood. They described him as having been leading his horse by the bridle through a by-way; they were returning home from their labor; and he asked them to show him the nearest path through the wood. While they were speaking, a party of armed peasants fell upon him, a scuffle ensued, and he was shot, stripped, and left lying. The whole description tallied perfectly with Friesen's appearance, and that of his horse. The peasants further related, that they had gone and told the burgomaster of the neigh-

boring village, who had had the body taken and interred reverently with Roman Catholic rites. Vietinghoff forthwith demanded permission to examine the churchyard, and feeling assured that, by certain marks, he would recognize his friend's skeleton if he found it, he began his ghastly search, and opened grave after grave in vain. None of the mouldering relics which he exhumed recalled aught of the manly proportions of the life-enjoying Friesen. A nervous fever was a very natural consequence of such mental excitement, and a recall to his regiment put a stop to his loathsome task; but before quitting the place, he left an exact description of certain wounds and marks by which his friend's remains might be identified, with the burgomaster. Marvelous to relate, on the very day twelvemonths from the day when he had opened the first grave, he received a box from M. Delyon containing the skeleton of his friend, all the peculiarities corresponding with his description. With joy and anguish he received the gift, and kissed with bitter tears the ghastly reliques of his beloved friend. Wherever he went he carried them with him, and years and years after the promise had been made half in jest and half in earnest, while both men were in the full flush of youth, he fulfilled his spoken word, and laid the bones of his friend to rest among kindred dust, till that great day when a trumpet, though not one of earthly mould, shall sound once more in the warrior's ear.

We must not leave the Lützows any longer; our aim is a domestic one, and we find ourselves digressing. The vicissitudes of war, the varied scenes and privations of a prolonged campaign seem to have in nowise affected their home ties; but love, which will dare dangers and rush up to the cannon's mouth, sometimes vanishes before the smoke of a domestic chimney. Was it that the wild circumstance of war fed the lively imagination of the lady, or was sufficient for her husband? To him the rough realities of such a life were enough. As to her, seated in that dingy beer-cellar at Breslau, she had appeared to the soldiers the very presiding genius of patriotism, clothed in the form of youth and beauty, and floating in a mist of glory. As to herself, she soared far above the present moment, and lived in a realm of her own. It is hard, after playing as it were the rôle of a Joan d'Arc, to descend to sausages and *saur*

kraut. Be that as it may, the battle of Waterloo, which brought peace to so many desolate hearths, only brought disunion to that of the Lützows. Their affection palled before the monotony of every-day home life. Lützow was a rough soldier, and had few resources to fall back on except horses and dogs. His wife began to find that his temper was by no means perfect, and his mind empty and uncultivated. The authoress hints that she had to suffer severe domestic trials from him; but her style is very vague. One little anecdote she mentions, however, was rather irritating to the mildest nature: Eliza had always believed that Lützow's devotion to her at the time of their marriage was complete. Her feelings, therefore, received a severe shock when she overheard him, in talking over old days with a brother officer, regret that, though he had done his best to get a rich wife, he had not succeeded, Count Frederick having wasted all his substance, so that none of it had come their way; and he reminded his comrade of their early formed resolution to marry heiresses. Poor Eliza! she had given her youth and beauty, and her fresh affections, to a man who cared for nothing but her money, and so the years of peace went heavily. Frau von Lützow sought consolation in friendship and in letter-writing, and especially found comfort in the society of Karl Immermann the poet, who had been one of the volunteers, and was now a lawyer, her legal adviser and sympathizing friend. She was the first highly cultivated woman whom Immermann had ever known, and her influence over him was unbounded. It is not even hinted that Lützow was ever jealous. We are willing to believe with the authoress that he had no cause to be so. He was an irascible man, and would have put no control on his feelings had they been excited. Not being diffident of his own powers to please, he began to think he might still repair the fatal mistake he had made, and make a rich marriage. He cast his eyes on a young lady whose wealth and position answered his wishes; and the fatal facility which the laws of the country still offer to divorce, made his way seem clear to him, and he calmly proposed to his wife that they should be divorced by mutual consent. No one can have lived in Germany for any time without being struck with the domestic misery which this practice causes. We are not going to enter into deep

questions of right or wrong, and to take high grounds. Viewing the matter in the lowest and most commonplace way, as a mere matter of expediency, nothing can be more wretched than the results. Divorces take place daily for no possible cause but some little bit of temper, which, under different circumstances, the offending parties would have been obliged to control; and who has not met the unfortunate victims of their parents' caprice, children who have had to find a home, and owe obedience to the second wife of their father, their own mother still alive, perhaps married to another. The blunting of all feeling on the subject, is perhaps the most demoralizing feature of the case. Our insular ideas can hardly realize such a proceeding, without a large amount of human hate and passion; but Teutonic notions are the extreme opposite of ours on the subject; there is no scandal, and every thing is done in order, and with propriety and *respectability*. In the Lützows' case there were no children to have their hearts broken by their parents' disunion. The matter was talked over "with dignity and outward calm." Frau von Lützow knew her husband was weary of her, and wished to marry some one else, and though she evidently retained a feeling for him which made the step very painful to her, she at once consented to "give him his freedom." The authoress says, "No hard or passionate word was exchanged between the spouses, every thing was talked over, considered and arranged, with dignity and outward calm. Lützow urged Eliza always to continue his friend, and to correspond with him constantly! Nothing could be more correct than the whole affair. We once knew a case somewhat similar; the lady had her little tempers, and the divorce took place by mutual consent; but no sooner was the gentleman free, than he missed the comforts of a good *ménage*; the wife had been celebrated for keeping a good table, so, after some consultation, they agreed that he was to dine with her daily. The arrangement answered admirably, and they continued good friends ever afterwards.

Fortunately such arrangements are wholly unknown among us, and we do not think we can offer to our English readers a more curious specimen of human feeling than some extracts of Lützow's letters, written while the divorce he so ardently wished was pending, and after it was concluded, and addressed to

the woman who had been his faithful wife and companion during many adventurous years, and who had, as he said, borne with his rough humors admirably.

Eliza thought it best, till matters were finally settled, to take a journey, during which she received the following from Lützow:—

Munster, August 26, 1824.

MY FOREVER BELOVED ELIZA,—I had a fortunate—no, a most unfortunate return home. I found every thing safe, but thou art gone. I miss especially thy charming little pictures of Solger, his wife, Friesen, and Wilhelm; as they are dear to thee, so they were doubly precious to my eyes, and it is with a thrill of anguish that I turn away when I see their vacant places. Hector keeps with me, and rejoices over my return as formerly; he thrusts his muzzle into my hand, and asks where thou art! An old Holstein medal which I remember having had the day that we were married, now lies before me, and causes me deep emotion. Our corner in the garden is overgrown into a very bower; they are clearing the path; with a feeling of anger I had almost asked for whom? The other day I was at G—'s at Loburg; it was Vogelschies-sen; * I appeared unexpectedly; and was very well received. I wished, in the company of those who love thee, to drink thy health, but I could not! tears would have choked me. Had they not been so merry they must have remarked my agitation. My leave to go to Copenhagen has come. In every case I expect a letter from thee before I go, and thou shalt hear again from me. Is Solger well? Art thou somewhat merry? be so, I beg it of thee; be so. Yes! Believe assuredly that thy happiness is my first wish, and will remain so under all circumstances. Be open, be sincere to me, and so shall I be to thee, for it is my nature to be so. Live somewhat pleasantly, I beg it of thee, and write soon to thy heartily loving husband, LUTZOW."

A little later, and apparently after the business was concluded, he writes:—

"Schlusser has spoken with Immermann; a letter from the former has comforted me somewhat as to thy future. I wish thy happiness with all my heart, and to promote it is my first wish, my most holy duty. Infinitely I feel that I have not always acted as I ought. But the unlucky money troubles at the beginning of our union, love of country, ambition, etc., etc., drove me from the domestic hearth to another world. I repent, with tears, the way I hurried thee from Aix to Cleves; forgive me! One request more. Let the best artist in Dresden take thy likeness, let it cost

* A sort of game like shooting at the popinjay

what it may; no price is too high for me, and send me the picture of thy never-to-be-forgotten features! Schlusser will see Immermann at Magdeburg. I wait for him with impatience. Farewell, be happy, and think of thy true friend with love and goodwill.

ADOLPH.

The next letter begins—

"My heartily beloved, most peculiar Eliza."

But we think we have given enough of this correspondence, as quaint in its way as any thing we have ever met with; and the commonplace manner in which the authoress treats the whole transaction, is perhaps the most severe commentary on the laws and customs which renders it a matter of every-day occurrence. To the credit of the sex be it said, the lady whom Lützow wished to marry refused him; after which rebuff he began to regret his freedom; first one of his brothers died, then the other. His unquiet spirit had nothing to prey on but itself, and he would have been moped to death but for his correspondence with his ex-wife, which was his chief comfort. He had, however, peculiar ideas of comfort, to promote which he thought fit, in 1828, to espouse the widow of his brother William; an agreeable woman, he said, already "dear to him by the ties of relationship." He wrote to inform Eliza, and asks from "her magnanimity, love, friendship, and sympathy!" and signed himself, "from the depths of his soul, her inexpressibly loving friend, Adolph." His next letter is cooler about his new wife. "Augusta has good and peculiar qualities," he writes. "Her unfortunate circumstances, my tender regard for Wilhelms excited my feelings, and decided me hastily to declare myself. May Heaven grant me a blessing, and deal leniently with me! Wilhelm's daughter, though christened Elsbeth, is called Elizabeth. The association rends my heart. Thy image, best Eliza, remains riveted by a chain to my heart's core.

ADOLPH.

Lützow's second marriage brought him heavy retribution for the wrongs of his first wife, and we very soon hear of his living in a small house in the Thiergarten at Berlin, and the lady at Dresden. She seems to have revenged her predecessor, and to have tormented him thoroughly. In 1829, he insisted on having an interview with Eliza, and confiding to her all his woes; a curious enough confidante to seek for his wounded feelings; but

he said it did him infinite good. His life seems to have been uncomfortable and restless, and in 1834 he died, already a worn-out man, premature old, at the age of fifty-two.

On her separation from Lützow, Eliza obtained permission to resume her maiden name of Gräfin von Ahlefeldt, and now comes the second part of her romantic history. It is very much to her credit that Lützow's relations seem to have given her their entire sympathy and support at the time of the separation, and they continued their friendship to her during her future life, which was, to say the least, a very peculiar one. Her father was still alive, but his habits had rendered his house no home for her. An uncle wished her to go to him, but her temperament would not have stood the monotony of such a life, so she declined his invitation. With the unselfish generosity for which she was conspicuous, she adopted a young girl who was most unfortunately placed; and, with this young creature under her protection, she went to reside for a time at Magdeburg, to be near her friend Karl Immermann and his family.

It is time to say something of Karl Immermann, the hero of the second part of the drama. He seems first to have come into intimate intercourse with Frau von Lutzow at Hamburg, after the peace, where she consulted him as a lawyer with regard to her father's ruined affairs. Immermann had been brought up in very limited circumstances, and in a very narrow circle; and the charms of his beautiful and high-born client quite bewildered him. It was the first time he had ever come in contact with a truly polished and refined woman. She seemed to be the realization of all his poet dreams. That she was a few years his senior, that her birth and position wholly separated her from him, only enhanced the charm; that she was ill-mated and unhappy completed his enthrallment. In his own estimation, and probably in hers, he was the Tasso pouring out his lays to the noble and unapproachable Leonore. She received his homage *en princesse*, but did not for a moment conceal the pleasure his talents gave her, or how much she enjoyed intercourse with a highly poetic mind, and under the sunshine of her influence his latent genius blossomed. Karl Immermann is little known on our side of the water, and his day is past at home. He was not a first-class man, still he helped to represent the young Germany of

the day, and counts among those who left an impression on the century. We have no room for criticism, neither would it interest our readers much to recur to books whose day is over; nor is it a matter of much moment now to count the smaller stars. Time rushes on, and events in the world of thought and action so crowd on one another, that the beginning of this century is already in the misty past. The great names raise their heads, and tower as landmarks over the streaming current; the smaller ones who have fed on their influence, and helped to swell the literary tide of the day, pass away; we know that they sang, but the lay is silent. The great notes of the nightingale are still heard; and Goethe's deep tones, and Schiller's clear voice, like good wine, lose nothing by time. But those who only reflected them, and fed on their influence, pass like the shifting sands of the hour-glass, and bend before the scythe of the great reaper. Of Immermann, one of their own critics* says: "He shared in a large degree the disease of the times, a great longing to create, and little power of creation." His works, though full of talent, show great want of taste, especially in the selection of most revolting and objectionable subjects. They speak of a way between the inward and the outward world, and show a spirit of strife and want of healthy aim, which neutralizes their ability, and makes us rather feel a profound compassion for the man than an admiration for the author. Perhaps his domestic life had much to do with this.

When young Immermann first knew Eliza, she at once exercised a complete fascination over him, which can be easily understood by those who have observed how unbounded the influence of a gifted woman is over a man who has been debarred from refined female intercourse. His poetic temperament received food from her, and his latent powers were all called into life by her influence, the hopelessness of his attachment giving it the zest of romance. Lützow does not seem to have been in the least jealous, or his conduct to have been in any way influenced by this friendship. We believe this to have arisen from confidence in his wife more than indifference. When the prospect of the divorce became known, Immermann's heart beat wild with delight. The immeasurable distance be-

tween him and the object of his devotion was diminishing to a visible something which might possibly be overleaped. It was with feelings of the utmost exultation that he heard of her going to live near his family at Magdeburg; and as soon after her separation as he dared to make the proposal, he made her an offer of his hand, which she refused, assigning for a reason, consideration for Lützow's feelings, whom she would not pain by uniting herself to another. About a year was passed in Magdeburg, in extreme seclusion, after which Immermann received a legal appointment at Düsseldorf. Once more he made Eliza an offer of his hand, and once more she refused him; but as neither of them could be happy without the society of the other, they formed a romantic compact of eternal friendship, each vowing for the sake of the other to live single and form no other tie. On these conditions Gräfin von Ahlefeldt promised to follow Immermann to Düsseldorf, as his "sister, friend, guide, counsellor, and muse!"

The world is not generally very lenient to Platonic connections; not very willing to credit them in full. Our authoress tells us that Eliza was superior to the world's opinion, and that of her real friends she did not lose one. "They knew that nothing but what was 'noble and beautiful' was to be expected from her." We are willing to agree with her friends, and believe in the purity of the connection, though we doubt the right that any woman has to tamper with her own good name, and to place herself voluntarily in a position which must subject her to such thoughts and comments as a modest woman would not willingly encounter. We doubt also if the constant presence of a woman whom he passionately loved, and to whom he had no hope of being united, had a healthy influence on the poet's inner life, and if it may not in some degree account for the morbid, unsound tendency of his writings.

In the mean time all was bright; Eliza was once more a heroine, she was the Leonore who was to wreath with laurel her Tasso's brows. In August, 1827, she followed Immermann to Düsseldorf, and took possession with him of a pretty country house in the neighboring friendly little village of Derendorf. The garden which surrounded it was full of roses; there was a white thorn hedge and busts of Plato and Aristotle. It was a very

* See *Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur im neunzehnten Jahrhundert*, von Julian Schmidt.

home for a poet; and she was to be the muse, under whose fostering care the roses of the garden and the flowers of fancy were to expand into full and luxuriant blossom.

These were the palmy days of Düsseldorf; the fine old gallery had been removed to Munich, but it had become the seat of modern German art. In 1826, Wilhelm von Schadow had succeeded Cornelius as head of the Academy; the latter having obeyed the call of Louis of Bavaria, and taken up his abode at Munich, there to found and carry out, along with many others, that severely religious and historic school of painting, which, by some strange contradiction, found especial favor in the sight of that jovial and life-enjoying monarchy, to whose genial patronage art is so largely indebted. No traveller, whatever his persuasion, can have entered the church of St. Boniface unmoved, or without paying tribute to the genius of Hess; and it is impossible to visit the palace at Munich without admiring the beautiful and classic illustrations of the *Nibelungen Lied* by Schnorr. Under Schadow's care a new school arose in Düsseldorf, less severely historic, more universal, and with less devotion to fresco painting than that of Munich. Lessing, Hildebrandt, Sohn, Mücke, Hubner, Bauermann, Schirmer, Schrödter, are names known and revered all over Germany, and some of them have sounded too in our isle. But of all German artists, two of their Munich rivals, Julius Schnorr and Kaulbach, are perhaps best known to us. The witty pencil of the latter smacks with a satire relished by the English taste. He is more humoristic than is common with his countrymen; and whether he deals in deep tragedy or light comedy, he has the rare dramatic power of expressing his emotions in the most explicit terms.

The earnest and beautiful Bible illustrations of Julius Schnorr speak a language common to all hearts. In our poor thinking, German masters are to be honored most wherever their compositions are offered to us without the aid of color; for which they seem, as a body, to have wonderfully little natural feeling. To this company of young artists must be added a list of men of letters, and of gifted women; and one can hardly imagine a more interesting society, where each day brought something new—its new poem, new book, new picture, new idea in some form or

other, and where Felix Mendelssohn's enchanting music completed the charm. Here Eliza found all the excitement which was necessary to her nature; an excitement more congenial to her than the adventures and horrors of a campaign. Then, each day brought something to be endured, some sacrifice to make, some sad event, some dear friend gone—at best some triumph won by the life-blood of her countrymen. Now, each day brought its peaceful fruit, and was marked by a bloodless victory; and though posterity may not point out any giant among that band of young and striving men, still it was a time of very great produce in art, especially a period very influential in the history of Germany. We all owe Düsseldorf a debt of gratitude for the beautiful little cheap prints brought out by the Art-Union for the diffusion of religious pictures, and the promotion of taste, to which Overbeck contributed so largely. Very tolerable small engravings of his fine drawings of the apostles, and other subjects from his pencil, may be had for a few pence. Some prints are productions of old gems, others by different modern masters, and all are of religious subjects; and though none perhaps equal those of Overbeck, the whole are to be considered as a great boon to the people.

Under such influences as we have described, Immermann's pen was very productive. Most of his poetry was written there, under Eliza's eye, and with the full benefit of her sympathy and admiration. He brought out first "Andreas Hofer;" then the tragedy of "Kaiser Friedrich der Zweite;" the comedy of "Die Verkleidungen;" "Die Schelmische Gräfin;" "Die Schule der Frommen;" "Merlin;" the "Epigonen," etc., etc. His was a ready pen, and his works at the time were much read. They now lie on the shelf, and in spite of the sparks of genius which break out every here and there, their tendency is so decidedly unhealthy and unsound, that we are not inclined to regret their having been promoted to the higher and less accessible shelves of the book-case. Immermann's legal office was infinitely irksome to his feelings, and, as the Germans say, his "inner" and "his outward life" were not in harmony.

Though our authoress has not a very brilliant pencil, still the picture she gives us of life at Düsseldorf is one of no small attrac-

tion. We have had the advantage of meeting some of the artists we have mentioned in their riper years, and can believe, that with all the energy of youth, and the excitement of daily development, their circle must have been in the highest degree brilliant and attractive. Immermann had a peculiar talent for reading aloud, and gave readings of various authors, in the same manner as Tieck was so celebrated for doing at Dresden and Berlin. A large *atelier* was placed at his disposal, and there were constantly evening meetings, where Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller, and lesser stars, besides the productions of the place and hour, were given with admirable effect. In illustration of the different pieces, the walls were often decked with cartoons and colored sketches, contributed hastily by the artists; many of which were first conceptions of pictures well known afterwards, and which perhaps founded the fame of the master. The day had been passed in hard work, the evening was given to genial enjoyment and intellectual idleness; he who could speak the wittiest nonsense was the best received. Private theatricals grew out of these readings, and then a regular theatre, of which Immermann undertook the management. In this the best actors of the day performed; and besides the productions of Immermann and the rest of the Düsseldorf clique, classic works, such as "Nathan," and the "Braut von Messina," etc., etc., were given; and Felix Mendelssohn undertook to conduct two operas, "Don Juan" and the "Wasserträger." For each piece some artist now well known contributed a scene, and Mendelssohn composed some of his most exquisite chorusses and marches. It was a rare union of poetry, music, and painting; and within the sound of all this joyous revelry, of all this earnest labor, rushed the mighty "Father Rhine," which every German regards with a sort of reverential love.

Here Gräfin Ahlefeldt spent twelve years as household goddess to her poet friend. Her father had been quite alienated from her, and refused her repeated offers of personal care and attention. His death placed her in very comfortable circumstances, though far from what had been her early expectations. Her first use of her riches was to secure a comfortable pension to her old governess, whom she loved and cherished to the last, and whose

niece she had so generously adopted. As long as Lützow lived, he corresponded constantly with her in terms of the most exaggerated affection; and, as we said, insisted on an interview with her, for which purpose he travelled to Düsseldorf, and declared himself much the better of having even seen her. After this he was very urgent for her residing in the same town as he did; but she declined, and in 1834 he died. During all these twelve years Immermann repeatedly urged Eliza to marry him, and was especially solicitous after Lützow's death, which seemed to remove every bar; but she was firm in her refusal, and seemed to consider the six years that she was older than him a barrier as insurmountable as the idea of wounding Lützow's feelings had been. She knew her own heart better than she knew his, and never doubted that her sway over him would last for life. Immermann desired a more tangible bond. He made her one more offer, more passionate, more vehement than ever; but it was after he had already seen, during a visit home, a young girl who had arrested his attention; and the moment that he received the usual reply from his friend, he wrote to Marianno Niemeier, and was immediately accepted. The authoress bursts into amazement at his want of taste in preferring a youthful bride to a middle-aged friend. We cannot sympathize with her, and bow before the mighty power of youth.

Immermann, of course, found it unpleasant to tell Eliza that he did not find her friendship enough for him, and was going to marry a young girl of eighteen whom he had scarcely seen. So, as most men would do, he left it for every one to tell her except himself. This made the blow more painful, and made her more decidedly reject his proposition, that she should remain in the house as the "motherly friend" of his young wife; an arrangement which, curious to say, many of the relations seemed to consider sensible and proper. Eliza had a great power of attaching men and women to her, and in this difficulty her friend Johanna Drefenbach came to her aid. She wrote her a very hearty letter, advising her to pack up and come to her as fast as possible: and the two friends set out for Italy together. We are not going to accompany them on their trip. Johanna is described as having been little, fat, and ugly; in

a perpetual fever of motion; but good-natured, unselfish, and clever, and a very devoted friend.

Immermann's marriage took place as soon as possible. According to our authoress he was rather disappointed in his little wife, and did not receive from her the amount of admiration and sympathy he had been accustomed to, and missed her want of culture. It is not common in gifted men to desire very learned wives. During their bridal tour he took her to Weimar, where she expressed little enthusiasm at the performance of his play "*Ghismonda*," and at Dresden the gallery did not interest her at all, and Tieck's readings absolutely bored her exceedingly. The unreasonable man wished to have the experience and culture of middle age united with youth. So much did he lack Eliza's conversation, that he made his young wife write to her, and urgently beg her to come and live with them. But, fortunately, she was already on the road to Venice. Though our authoress pities him so much in his married state, some critics consider that his latter works breathe a happier, healthier tone, which perhaps may be attributed to the presence of the dull little wife. His married life was, however, a brief one; he died in 1840 of an attack on the lungs; his wife had a few days previously presented him with a daughter, and in expressing his happiness in his child, he spoke lovingly of his friend, and died almost with her name on his lips. True to her impulsive nature, Gräfin Ahlefeldt wished Marianne Immermann to come and live with her; this the latter declined; but a singular sort of friendship grew up between these two women, cemented by one common feeling—attachment to the departed. With many natures this would hardly have been a bond to draw them together, but so it was; they corresponded all their lives. Eliza was very generous to Immermann's child, and Immermann's widow found her attentions soothing.

Eliza had a great capacity for friendship; she and Johanna remained constant till death, and lived together at Berlin, taking an active share in all that went on. We have left our-

selves no place, neither are we inclined to follow them into Berlin society; we are all of us familiar with the names of many of its leading men, and here we would have space for a mere list. Both these singular women disliked solitude, and seemed to have been well received in the most intellectual society. Leo Palm, one of Eliza's early comrades in the war of the liberation, took up his residence at Berlin, to be near her; and the gallant old general fought his battles over again by her side. To the last she had the power of attaching her friends strongly to her, probably because she felt strongly and warmly to them. So her life went on till, after bearing much ill health very patiently, she died in March, 1855, a month which had been marked to her by many disasters, the death of both her parents, her ill-starred marriage, Friesen's death, and now her own.

We have seldom closed a more wayward account of human life, or one touching more chequered topics. It is melancholy to think of a woman so happily placed, and richly gifted; with beauty, wit, talent, extraordinary power of pleasing, above all, most disinterested and high qualities,—a rare power of loving and being loved, having been wrecked thus. More sad than the heroine's ill-starred career, is the tone in which her biographer views all these rending of holy ties and home bonds, as a matter of mere commonplace. There are many points, it is our opinion, on which we nationally are less amiable than our neighbors. We are ready to undertake to prove, had we time, opportunity, and a patient audience, that there are many domestic matters in which we are less amiable than the French; that English mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law are on a less happy footing than they are on the other side of the water, inasmuch as we are less dutiful and considerate towards age, and do not practise so fully the duty of mutual forbearance. Still, with regard to the old-fashioned ceremony of marriage, glory be to the memory of Darby and Joan, it is no such light matter with us as it is with our cousins-german.

From Chambers's Journal.
THE BABY SINGER.

It is the fashion to decry little poets, and to despise the little songs they sing; and although we are not without our suspicions that the fashion has been set by little minds, since

"The Daisy we love, though the summer has
Roses,
And Swallows may twitter though Nightin-
gales sing,"

we are not going just now to oppose ourselves to it.

We would venture, however, to remind critics of the "slashing" and "ripping" schools, that it is, at all events, not necessary to snub a poet who confines himself to little subjects—inasmuch as a fieldmouse disturbed by the ploughshare has, in fit hands, been probably the cause of awakening more human pity than the dethronement of any monarch.

Welcome, then, to Mr. Bennett, the Baby Singer, whom, at least, the Infant World acknowledge to be the true Laureate. This gentleman has harnessed his Pegasus to many a subject, political, humorous, and classical, and the divine animal has acquitted himself more than respectably in all; but in the Perambulator, in the Go-cart, in the conveyances, in short, which are patronized by the extreme youth of all ranks, its performances have been really unrivalled.

Mr. Gerald Massey's *Babe Christabel* has received due honor in these pages before now, and we are well known to appreciate its beauties; but there is, nevertheless, a certain super-celestial air about that young lady which *Paterfamilias*, at all events, shakes his head at, and declines to accept, as consonant with his experience.

In Mr. Bennett's descriptions, on the other hand, we seem to hear the very jerk of the cradle breaking the sweet monotony of the mother's song.

"Lullaby! Oh, lullaby!
Baby, hush that little cry!
Light is dying,
Bats are flying—
Bees to-day with work have done;
So, till comes the morrow's sun,
Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry!
Lullaby! Oh, lullaby!

"Lullaby! Oh, lullaby!
Hushed are all things far and nigh;
Flowers are closing,
Birds reposing,
All sweet things with life have done.
Sweet, till dawns the morning sun,
Sleep then kiss those blue eyes dry!
Lullaby! Oh, lullaby!

In the new volume before us* there are several excellent songs—those which have little children for their subject, as usual, the best—but there is none which quite comes up to our old favorite, *Baby May*. Perhaps some of our readers may be even yet unacquainted with that lyric of the nursery, in which case, we could scarcely do them a pleasanter piece of service than by extracting it. It is a poem with which every woman, and every man with a heart within him, is charmed at the first reading, quite apart from its perfectness as a work of art. It bears criticism, indeed, of the strictest kind; but just as their "mother's grave" bears the sons who come to "peep and botanize" upon it. Critics are warned off the premises as trespassers. "All the place is holy ground; hollow smile and frozen sneer" have no business there. Look at the child!

"Cheeks as soft as July peaches—
Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness—round, large eyes
Ever great with new surprise—
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness—
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness—
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind swept autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion,
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever-new surprisings,
Hands' all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reproving
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Grasplings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table,
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing,
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking,
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,

* Songs by a Song-writer. By W. C. Bennett.
Chapman and Hall. 1859.

Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be,
That's May Bennett—that's my baby."

What naturalness of paternal pride there is in that last line! How easy it is for a father to detect that *Baby May* must have been the author's *First*. Mr. Bennett might surely be got to do the "On the Birth of a Royal Infant" department of Mr. Tennyson's office for half the sack, or—as we almost fancy would suit him better—for a portion of what royal caudle chanced to be going upon the interesting occasion. The great author of *The Princess* is not good at describing Babies.

"She felt it sound and whole from head to foot,
And hugged and never hugged it close enough,
And in her hunger mouthed and mumbled it,"

is a perfect picture of a mother's joy upon her recovery of her lost infant, but the babe itself (*it*!) is dismissed with a single epithet, and that not a highly characteristic one—"soft." It is fair to add, however, that when the Laureate wrote that poem he was a bachelor, and might, therefore, have shared the belief of that inexperienced race, that whatsoever toucheth a baby, maketh a hole in the same.

Who but a real poet could have made such a subject as the following—which seems to belong, by rights, to the "Liliputian Warehouse," in High Holborn or elsewhere—awaken thoughts at least deep enough for tears?

"BABY'S SHOES.

"Oh, those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use!

Oh, the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue, unused shoes!

"For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good-will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet!

"And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed! how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

"For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

"As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair,
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

"Then, oh wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!"

Such pathos is, unhappily, the staple of most songs composed upon babies. As frail as fair, they often bless us with their presence but for a little, and then depart, as though their angels could not spare them longer out of heaven. What slightest records of them then become to one pair of human hearts, or to the mother's heart, at least, "dread memories for years!" What priceless value does the awful Appraiser, Death, set upon things which were next to valueless before his coming! The picture which was as nought to us while we possessed the living reality, is become a sacred treasure, and preserved in the innermost sanctuary at home.

"THE LOCKET.

"O casket of dear fancies—
O little case of gold—
What rarest wealth of memories
Thy tiny round will hold:
With this first curl of baby's
In thy small charge will live
All thoughts that all her little life
To memory can give.

"Oh, prize its silken softness,
Within its amber round
What worlds of sweet rememberings
Will still by us be found;
The weak, shrill cry so blessing
The curtained room of pain,
With every since-felt feeling
To us 'twill bring again.

"'Twill mind us of her lying
In rest soft-pillowed deep,
While, hands the candle shading,
We stole upon her sleep—
Of many a blessed moment
Her little rest above
We hung in marvelling stillness—
In ecstasy of love.

"'Twill mind us, radiant sunshine
For all our shadowed days,
Of all her baby wonderings,
Of all her little ways,
Of all her tiny shoutings,
Of all her starts and fears,
And sudden mirths out-gleaming
Through eyes yet hung with tears.

"There's not a care—a watching—
A hope—a laugh—a fear
Of all her little bringing
But we shall find it here;
Then tiny golden warder,
Oh, safely ever hold
This glossy silken memory,
This little curl of gold!"

Thus far it will be owned this Laureate of

Liliput, this Troubador of the Bassinet, has borrowed of no brother of his craft; that his lyrics have been original as they have been natural and tender; but before we have done with him, it is but fair to show how he can hold his own, when entering the lists with some of our older poets. He does not expend his energies, indeed, as some of them did, upon Inscriptions for a Grotto, or Lines upon a Crystal Spring; but the form, intention, and even metre of his lines are identical with many of theirs who have lived thus long, and are even now admired, with no greater right, we believe, to the laurel-crown than Mr. Bennett's.

Have Waller or Shenstone ever written, in the same manner, any thing more admirable than these two *Epitaphs for Infants*?

I.

"On this little grassy mound
Never be the darnel found;

No'er be venom'd nettle seen
On this little heap of green;
For the little lost one here
Was too sweet for aught of fear,
Aught of harm to harbor nigh
This green spot where she must lie;
So be nought but sweetness found
On this little grassy mound.

II.

"Here the gusts of wild March blow
But in murmurs faint and low;
Ever here, when Spring is green,
Be the brightest verdure seen—
And when June's in field and glade,
Here be ever freshest shade;
Here hued Autumn latest stay,
Latest call the flowers away;
And when Winter's shrilling by,
Here its snows the warmest lie;
For a little life is here,
Hid in earth forever dear,
And this grassy heap above
Sorrow broods and weeping love."

EVERYBODY knows how the principle of atmospheric pressure is illustrated by a toy called a sucker, which boys make with a bit of wet leather and a string passed through its centre; but until latterly only one man had perceived how the same principle might be applied in an analogous manner to purposes of domestic utility or personal convenience, being made the means of fixing a piece of metal in a moment to a wall, a ceiling, or the glass of a window. Lavater's patent pneumatic bracket may be described as a short brass tube, having at one end sockets in which may be inserted any sort of light frame, branches, or hooks, and terminating at the other extremity in a trumpet-like expansion which is covered with a disk of india-rubber. To the centre of this disk is attached a smaller one of metal, which can be drawn within the tube by a screw proceeding from a cap that fits over the smaller end of the tube. When the screw is relaxed the india-rubber disk is flat. Apply it then to the wall after moistening it with the breath, turn the screw, and the metallic disk, receding from the surface of the wall and carrying the central portion of the india-rubber with it, will create a vacuum capable of sustaining a weight proportioned to the superficial area of the trumpet-like expansion. The bracket may be detached in a moment, and will leave no mark where it has been. The uses to which this ingenious contrivance may be put are innumerable. It is particularly suitable for shop-windows, for by means of it any number of brass rods may be attached to the glass without risk of breakage, and may be shifted at pleasure.—*Critic*.

M. LESCOCHE, of Paris, the inventor of what is termed a percussion screw boot and shoe, has introduced it to the London market. The boot when complete is not unlike those of ordinary use, but in construction is different. The sole consists of two pieces of leather having a third piece passing between them so as to act as a spring, being only fastened at the heel and toe; the upper leather after being shaped to its proper form is fixed to the sole by means of small parallel brass grooved rods or screws. It is stated that by this arrangement of the screws greater solidity and the most perfect impermeability are obtained, and that when the screws are once in the leather it is impossible for them to come out, as by the pressure of the foot, the leather is instantly forced into the grooves. Besides the inner sole has an even surface, and is free from wooden pegs, so subject to being broken and distorted to the inconvenience of the wearer.—*Critic*.

RIFLEMEN form, painters disperse! In consequence of the unsettled state of Europe, the jury of English artists (Messrs. David Roberts, W. P. Frith, Thomas Creswick, A. Elmore, and J. C. Horsley, acting with M. E. Gambart as Director) have resolved not to send pictures to Paris this year. This resolution, sanctioned at a meeting of artists, over which Sir Charles Eastlake presided, has been forwarded within these few days to the Minister of State, M. Achille Fould. A reply has not been received. Meantime, artists in the country are requested not to send up any more works.—*Athenaeum*.

From All The Year Round.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK AMONG THE FIR-TREES.

NURSE PARKET had lived with us ever since our mother's death, and we—my sister Bella, myself, and little Lucy—loved her dearly. It was she who had taken us all to bid our dear mother good-by, when, lying on her great, high bed, in the shade of its heavy curtains, she looked so frail and transparent of form and hue, that we could be hardly persuaded she was not already a spirit. To little Lucy, who was too young to recollect her otherwise, she always appeared afterwards, in memory and in dreams, as she looked then. But Bella and I could remember her when her soft gold hair hung in curly clusters round a healthy smiling face, and so sometimes we could see her fresh and blooming as she used to be, though never without a certain subdued light on her beauty: thrown, as it seemed, neither by actual grief nor actual trouble, but by a chastened memory of both.

Nurse Parket, in a plain, homely, but deep, earnest way, strove to fill our mother's place, towards us, her little orphans; for our father, a quiet country gentleman, given up to antiquarian pursuits, though kind and amiable of heart, hardly noticed us in an ordinary fatherly way. He was, however, always ready to listen to Nurse Parket's suggestions, and we had grown up, under governesses whom she had reminded him to secure, until Lucy was sixteen, when the lesson-book part of our education being finished, we were left alone with our father and Nurse Parket.

No; not quite alone. A gentleman, neither young nor old, a very great friend, or rather companion, of my father, as fond of antiquarian lore as he, but not half as amiable, was in the habit of making such long visits at Coombe Uplands (the name of our old place), that he might be said to live there for half the year. Mr. Joachim was this gentleman's name—a gentleman of a gloomy turn of character, and his aspect was quite in unison with it. He had a grave, saturnine expression about his long, dark face, and a searching, suspicious look in his unfathomable eyes, the color of which could never have been determined by the most scrutinizing observer, but wherein could be seen at times, a dull glare, as of smouldering fire never permitted to flash out, that made me shrink involuntarily whenever I looked at him, while, as for little Lucy—we called her "little" because she was the

youngest, and our pet—she could hardly bear his very presence.

It was far otherwise with Bella. She was always a fearless, daring child, strangely attracted towards any thing peculiar (a part of her character which she might have derived from her father, though she was, in other respects most unlike him, he being quiet and grave, and she high-spirited and full of life), and it was perhaps on this account that she alone among us liked our dark, strange visitor, Mr. Joachim.

It became quite certain, in the course of time, that, in his own odd, undemonstrative way, he liked her; for he proposed himself to her as a husband, and to our unspeakable regret, she accepted him. I shall never forget the day she did so, for Lucy and I and Nurse Parket, when she came up into the nursery to be congratulated, kissed and cried over her to that degree that it might have been supposed that she was going to die instead of marry.

Bella cried, too, at first, but after awhile she got almost angry with us for our compassion and silence—for we could none of us say a word—and went down to join her lover in the library, where he was poring over some musty old books with my father, who had recently purchased them at great cost. I think they must have sent her up again, for she very soon re-appeared with tears in her eyes, very unlike those she had shed before she went down. They had flowed fast and free, as relieving her heart of the burden of her new happiness, while those then on her face were quiet and repressed, as if her heart had been somehow hurt.

When we were going to bed that night, I said to Nurse Parket, lingering behind with her in the nursery.

"Nurse, dear, what do you think of Bella's engagement?"

"My dear Miss Alice," she answered, "don't ask me."

"Ah! then, nurse, I know you don't like it!"

"Well, dear, we will hope for the best. Perhaps, after all, Miss Bella mayn't marry him."

"But Bella loves him, nurse—what then?"

"My dear, she thinks she loves him, there isn't a doubt, but I have seen mistakes made before now."

We said no more at that time, but I recol-

lect going to bed very unhappy and dreaming restlessly, with nightmare oppressiveness, of Mr. Joachim, who seemed a kind of grim, gloomy phantom, formless and indescribable, but always overshadowing Bella with a black, mysterious mantle, whenever she was going to smile or speak to me.

About this time a surprising thing occurred. Never, since we had all had the measles together, in our childhood, had my father come up-stairs into our nursery; but one day he presented himself at the door, and entered, for the purpose of giving us a piece of intelligence. The intelligence, unexpected as it was, hardly surprised us so much as my father's appearance in the nursery. It was, however, to the effect that our Aunt Dorothea (the only aunt we had), of whom we had heard from time to time from Nurse Parket, and very occasionally from my father, as living in Italy with her invalid husband, was to be expected at Coombe Uplands in the course of a week. She had returned to England, having lost her husband, and my father had asked her to come and take up her residence with us, at what used to be, when they were boy and girl together, their old home.

Long before he got through all this, my father began to look dreamy and abstracted, as was his wont, and to give it out in short, half sentences, with absent pauses between. A world of expectation arose among us on hearing this news. We knew very few people besides the clergyman and his wife, and Mr. Joachim, and the idea of having our unknown aunt to live with us caused quite an excitement in our minds.

Mr. Joachim had not been over to our house for a week or two, when one afternoon, two or three days before Aunt Dorothea was expected, looking out from the window of the nursery where Lucy and I were sitting, I saw him walking with Bella about the lawn and shrubberies. They seemed so strange a pair—she, in her frank youth and freshness, and he in his stiff, dull middle-age, with not a grace to relieve the gloom and secrecy which pervaded his whole face and figure, that I could but look at them, wondering what might be the end of such a betrothal. It was a late autumn day. There were so many trees about Coombe Uplands that it fell dusk there sooner than in many other places, and, at little more than five o'clock, I could not see to do another sprig of the fancy work on

which I was engaged. Lucy still stood straining her eyes over the volume of poems in the declining light at the window, when Bella, with a springless step quite unlike her own, wearily entered the room.

I could hardly see her face, except in its general outline, but something in the turn of her head, and in the whole air of her figure as she drooped into a low seat by the fire, told me that her mood was very sad. Lucy, closing her book regretfully, came and seated herself on the hearth-rug by Bella's side. Presently, as if she too instinctively perceived that something was amiss, she laid her head against Bella's lap and drew one of her passive arms about her neck, trying, unobtrusively, to soothe her with love and fondness. I, the eldest, sat on a corner of the couch next the fire on the opposite side, and thought what a quiet, sisterly group they made, as the firelight glanced and flickered on their graceful figures, now showing Bella's grave, pale face in its sad, reflective aspect, now lighting up Lucy's pretty head of golden curls—she inherited our mother's style and beauty—that fell around her neck about which Bella's arm was twining. We had lived lonely and retired enough, it is true, but we had seldom sighed for pleasures beyond our quiet country life, among the woods and fields of Coombe Uplands, and, bound with the chain of our sisterly love, we had been very happy. "Can she leave us," I thought, looking at Bella, "for that dark, gloomy Mr. Joachim?"

As I was thinking about him, and Bella in connection with him, Nurse Parket entered, and I made her come and sit down with me upon the couch. The quiet, Nurse Parket, and our sisterly companionship in the dear old nursery, led me into thoughts of the past days of our childhood, when, in the same place, at such an hour, we had sat by the uncertain firelight listening to nurse's stories, and I felt an irrepressible desire to revive them once more, as far as, in the nature of things, they could be revived.

"Nurse, dear," I said, "you used to tell us stories when we were children. We are all very quiet—tell us one now."

"My dear Miss Alice," she said, laughing, "you wouldn't care for Cinderella, nor Goody Two Shoes, now, and what else should I have to tell you?"

"Oh, I don't know," I answered, "but something, I'm sure. You have lived in dif-

ferent places before you came here, and you must have some grown-up stories to tell if you only think. By the way," I said, suddenly, "nurse, dear, had you ever a sweetheart?"

Nurse Parket smiled, and then looked grave, and passed her hand across her face as she answered,—

"Yes, miss, once—but he died long before you were born, my dear. I don't think I could tell you any story about that. He died before your dear mamma was married."

She paused, and, thinking for a few minutes, said, looking over at Bella, who still sat quiet with Lucy's head against her lap,—

"I think I'll try to tell you a story, my dears, about somethin' that happened once, but which you none of you ever heard, when I was almost a young woman. But you must excuse my way of tellin' it, and listen to it only because it is true."

We were all fond of stories, especially Lucy; and Bella, rousing herself from her meditative attitude, we settled ourselves to listen attentively. Nurse Parket commenced:

The story, my dears, is about a beautiful lady that I once lived with—first, when she was a young lady, as her maid, and afterwards, when she was married and a mother, as her baby's nurse. She was always very fond of me, and I of her. She lived in a large town before she married, and her father and mother being company-keepin' people, and she being so very pretty, there was a great many gentlemen admired her, and she might have married *well*, as they call it, at least a dozen times. I'm an old woman, and an old maid, but I think there is only one way of marryin' well, and that is when a woman, or a lady, marries a man, or a gentleman, really suited to her, and when there is real, true love on both sides. I told you, Miss Alice, the other night, that I had seen mistakes in marriage, made in my time, and the marriage this young lady made was no doubt one of them.

Bella looked up, and seemed to fancy that nurse and I might have been talking of her on the night alluded to. Nurse went on:—

Well; I never could tell how my young lady came to marry the gentleman she did choose after all. He was older a good deal than she. She was gay and sprightly like—he was still and grave. She liked life and stir and change—he liked nothin' but readin'

and sittin' still. She was as fond of music as a bird—he couldn't tell one tune from another. Often and often I have seen her sittin', singin' and playin', song after song, and piece after piece, at the piano in the drawin'-room, and him sittin' over a book by the lamp, never listenin' to a single note. She had been used to praise and company, and every one to love and listen to her, and she must have felt it a great change.

She did feel it a great change—as you shall presently hear—though she tried not to show it, or even to think about it, for a length of time.

When they first married, her husband used mostly to sit in the same room with her, though he never hardly noticed what she was doin'; but, after awhile, he took to keepin' in another, by himself, and only comin' in to meals with her; and, at night, he sat up hours, pouring over his learnin' and his books. Well, then was the first of my lady's showin' of herself cast down and melancholy. One day as I passed my master's study door, which was half open, I saw her, all in tears, kneelin' down by his chair, and sayin' somethin' to him which I could not hear. But I heard him answer, in his grave, even voice, "Well, my dear, if you feel dull, send for your mother, and sister, and any one else you like, to make the place gayer to you."

I was nearer guessin' what they had been talkin' about, I thought, then, he was what was grievin' her aching heart. He was a good sort of a man, but he couldn't understand it.

In a week or two's time after that, however the house was full of company. My lady's mother, her sister, her brother, some of their cousins, and others besides. The house seemed turned almost upside down after the still life we'd led; but lookin' at my lady's pale face—which was like a June rose once, but, at this time, only flushed with excitement now and then—I didn't believe she was much the happier for all the company.

However, amongst them there was a great friend of my lady's brother, who was thought to be thinkin' of her sister, and who was one of the cleverest, handsomest, and most accomplished gentlemen I ever saw. There didn't seem to be any thing that he couldn't do, or didn't know. He was as much a favorite with all the servants in the house as he was with all the ladies and gentlemen, and

appeared as amiable as he was clever and handsome. Even my master would sometimes leave his books and talk to him, but not very often.

He was a beautiful rider on horseback, and broke in a horse for my lady which nobody else could manage. My lady was very fond of ridin', and had gone out in a dull way with the groom, because my master didn't use himself to horses, very often for the mere pleasure she had in the exercise. This handsome gentleman and her brother, however, rode with her now, and the handsome gentleman always helped her to her saddle. Of an evenin' he sung duets with her, or read aloud for the benefit of the whole company, except my master, who would slip away to his study and his books. When he left, the house seemed very dull, and my mistress too, but especially her sister, though that was for another reason which I didn't think of then, but she found out something long before any one else would have done. It was only natural, for she loved him very much, and had hoped he loved her. She died, poor thing! in a deep decline, two or three years afterwards.

Well, the handsome gentleman knew some of the families in the neighborhood, and from our house he went to stay with one of them, and so, occasionally, we saw him still; but at last he went away altogether, and so did all our company, and we were very quiet again for some months.

One day, some time after this, something came to my mistress, which I hoped would make her happy after all: a dear, little baby, and I was its nurse: but it did not. Something else had come to her, I suppose. We are all weak creatures, my dears, and the best of us cannot stand in our own strength, and if we let wrong wishes and thoughts come into our minds without strivin' against them with more than our poor might, they mostly will come, and make sure prey of us. Something of this sort had warped my poor, dear lady's mind, I fear. She was very young—had been praised, petted, and almost spoiled from her childhood—and her husband, though not unkind, neglected of her.

Nurse stopped a moment, and I, getting strangely excited, moved closer to her on the couch, and took hold of her hand. She resumed, glancing down at me:—

Not but that she loved her baby. She loved it dearly—but with a poisoned mind.

I saw how it all was, when the handsome gentleman I had once liked so much, coming to stay again with that family in the neighborhood, rode over so often to call upon my master, but stayed so long with my lady in the drawin'-room.

It might have been only fancy, but I thought him not nearly so handsome as he was.

Well, he came and went in the neighborhood for some time, and my lady grew sadder and sadder, and her husband saw nothing, or said nothing, all the while, but appeared to grow more busy and quiet-like every day. Except for the baby then a year old, and able to talk a little, lispingly, her life was very lonely. Sometimes for days, she would scarcely leave the nursery. At others, she seemed to enter it with a faltering step, and a tremble runnin' through her figure, and then, with a frightened face kissing the little innocent, she would hasten away to hide the tears in her eyes, and the aching at her heart.

Though I never saw them together—I mean, my lady and the handsome gentleman—about this time, I knew by instinct (for I loved her, and had done from a child), that they sometimes met. At last I knew it for certain, and I never was so unhappy in my whole life! No, not even when I had a great sorrow of my own.

It was a beautiful autumn evening. My master was gone from home to a meeting of some society connected with what he was always reading about, and there was no soul about the house, as far as I knew, except the servants and my mistress, who was, I thought in the drawin'-room. Having a very bad headache, after I had put my baby to bed and left the housemaid in the nursery to watch it, I went out to get a breath of air in the kitchen garden and about the back ways behind the shrubberies. Every thing was very still, except that a soft breeze went southing and whispering through the great fir plantations, and I, quite alone, and feeling my head grow lighter and better as I walked, kept listenin' to the sound and thinkin', I remember, at the time, what a nice sound it would be to send a baby to sleep with. As I listened, presently I heard voices. At first they were hardly louder than the fir whispers, but, gradually, I heard my own dear lady's voice answer some low words, too low for me to catch, aloud, in a tone of agony.

"Oh, no!" she cried; "Gerald, do not tempt me!—for Heaven's sake do not tempt me to leave my little child!" Her voice though not a high one, rang through the stillness with such an echo that I trembled lest any one should hear it beside myself. He seemed to hush her, and to try to soothe her, as I gathered from the few words I could overhear.

I knew it was the handsome gentleman, for Gerald was his name, and oh, what a horror I felt of him!

I had never played the listener on purpose before in my life, but now I was determined to hear all I could, and I stood as still as death almost, in my place behind the shrubberies; for was I not her maid when she was little more than a child?—didn't she love me, and might I not try to save her? Besides, I was her own baby's nurse. Anyhow, I stopped.

I heard but very little more except just at the last. They appeared about to part, and then, in his voice, I heard these words: "Tomorrow night, then, my own, whether you come or not, at eleven o'clock I shall be here." And, after that, only the sound of stealthy footsteps carefully going over the fallen leaves, and of a low weeping that broke out between whiles when the footsteps were gone.

I waited, perhaps, half an hour, perhaps not quite so long. I hardly knew, I was in such a tremor. Then I went in by the kitchen passage door, and up the back staircase round to my darling's nursery, in the front of the house, next to my lady's dressin'-room. There was a door through it into the nursery, and, in about an hour or so, I heard my mistress come up there, and, as it was bedtime, I knocked and went in to help her to undress as I was always used to do.

She was sitting before her glass, washing her face with some rose-water, and she started as I opened the door. She didn't need to try and deceive me, poor thing, into thinking that she hadn't been crying!

"How you startled me, nurse!" she said.

I answered, "But I knocked, ma'am—didn't you hear me knock?"

"I suppose I was not thinking about you, Mary," she said, hurriedly.

I said, "I don't think you are in spirits this evening, ma'am. You'll feel it lonesome to-night without master. Shall I leave the doors open through to the nursery, so as you can hear me and the baby?"

I wanted her to think about the baby. But she said, sorrowfully,—

"No, thank you, Mary. I'm used to being lonely."

I still wanted her to think about the baby; and, pretending that I heard it stirring, I went back through the open door into the nursery for a moment, and after pretending to soothe it, called her to look at it.

"Oh, dear, ma'am," I said, "do come and look at the dear child. I don't know that ever I saw it look so pretty in its innocent sleep!"

She came in her white dressing-gown, which she had loosely put on, but her face, that had flushed to a deep red as she first looked at the child, grew almost whiter than her gown, while she stood silent by the little bed.

"Dear me, ma'am," I said, "what is so innocent and beautiful to look at as a little sleeping babe! I can't think how any one can ever hurt a child! I do think, if I was to hurt a baby through cruelty or passion, I couldn't never say my prayers again, hardly."

My lady stooped over the child until her long hair, which was all hangin' loose, fell over its face and her own, and quite hid them both from my sight, as she answered something that I couldn't hear.

Looking at the nursery clock, I said,—

"But, dear me, ma'am, you must be tired! It is now upon the stroke of eleven."

At the mention of the hour she half started from her low posture, no doubt remembering when she had last heard a mention of eleven o'clock, and in the start she gave, she awoke the baby from its sleep. Throwing out its little arms, the child caught at some of her bright, long hair as it floated away from her, and began to cry.

I wouldn't quiet it. I left it all to her. And oh, how I hoped the child's voice might call her back to what she used to be, before that dark, handsome face had been seen in our house! She might not have been happy, but she was innocent then!

"The baby will always leave off crying best for you, ma'am," I said. "I will just go and put out some water for you into the basin, and unfold your nightdress ready."

She could not but take the crying baby, and I left her hushing it to rest. When I came back the child was asleep in her arms, but the tears were raining down from my

lady's eyes upon its little nightdress. I thought I heard her crying.

Taking the child from her, I laid it into bed, and then said, as my lady tried in vain to stop her tears,

"O my dear mistress, I am sure you can't be well. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, Mary dear," she answered. "Nothing!"

"Shall I send for my master?" I asked. "I am sure he would grieve dreadfully if you was ill."

"Mary!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

But I went on:

"Yes, ma'am, you may not think so, because master is so quiet like, but I know he would feel it very much, in his way, if *any thing happened to you.*"

How strong I tried to speak those words!

"He is fond of the baby too," I said, "though he seldom notices it, for when I took it to the study window the other day, when I was out with it in the garden, he took it in his arms and played with it a long time."

She took upon her to seem quite haughty all at once, as she rose and told me that I need not say any more; but I didn't mind, I only said,—

"Dear mistress, you surely won't be offended with me, who have waited on you so long?"

"I am tired, Mary," she answered, "and shall go to bed now." And she shut her dressin'-room door, saying that I need not come in again to help her in undressing, for that the baby was not quite sound.

I never went to sleep that night, and I got out of bed several times to listen at her door, which, when I heard her go through into her bedroom, I had set ajar. She was always stirring, never still. And in the middle of the night, I heard her crying as she had done among the fir-trees in the shrubbery. She seemed to sleep once for a short time, but awoke herself in calling out, "Gerald, do not tempt me!" in a nightmare dream.

In the morning I rose with a feeling as if a great weight were upon me which I must remove by some great endeavor before the night and eleven o'clock came. I wanted, if possible, that my dear mistress should take it off herself, without my having to show her that I knew what had passed in the shrubbery the night before. I said to myself, "Surely she will think many times before she will go out

from these doors to-night. Perhaps she will think better of it. Perhaps she has never meant to go. Anyhow, I know the time appointed, and I can watch, and, at the last, I can but speak."

My lady spent almost all day in her dressin'-room, and I fancied she was writing. I was glad she kept there, because it was next the nursery, and I made the baby crow merrily, and talk in her pretty way continually, so as to keep the dear little creature in her mind. The child had learnt to say "Mamma" quite plain, and, going up to the dressin'-room door with her little uncertain footsteps, many times through the day she called to her to come in, with her sweet, tender little voice. My lady did not come, however, but kept her own room closely; and I began to think that she was afraid to look at the dear baby any more—that she really meant to leave it.

The day wore on. My mistress, who had breakfasted up-stairs, only went down to dinner at five o'clock, and she remained in the drawin'-room afterwards instead of coming, as she most times did, to bid the baby good-night and see me undress and put it into bed. We were a very regular household, and, by ten o'clock, all the servants were settled for the night. My lady, looking into the nursery with her dressin'-gown on (for she had been in her room for some little time), told me that I might go to bed, for that she had something she wished to read, and might, perhaps, sit up late. I made answer, "Very well, ma'am," and that was all. My lady never looked towards the little bed where the baby was sleeping.

I didn't undress, but I got into bed with my clothes on, and lay waiting and listening. We always burnt a candle in the nursery on account of the baby, and I often recall that troubled, wakeful hour when, by its dim light, I lay listening to every sound in my lady's dressin'-room, while the queer shadows of the night-shade danced and flickered on the ceiling.

My mistress, to seem quite careless like, had left the door of the dressin'-room partly open, and as she sat there, I could hear the leaves of a book turned over and over for a length of time. The hour seemed forever long. Nothing to listen to but the ticking of the nursery clock, and the turning of the pages of my lady's book. Nothing to look at but the shadow of the night-shade on the

ceiling. I guessed that my mistress had left her own bedroom door open to the staircase, and that she would leave a light still burning in the dressin'-room, and go down, and out by way of the garden passage, as we called it, at the end of which was a side-door, very easy to open, and almost out of hearing of any one in the house.

The nursery clock struck eleven, and still I heard my mistress in the dressin'-room; but I knew she must be going soon now. Presently there was a sound as if she had risen from her chair, and I fancied she was listening to hear if all was still. Then I heard the door from the dressin'-room into the bedroom shut very gently.

That was the moment for me to get up. I did get up; and, taking the sleeping child in my arms, I went softly, without my shoes, out into the landing (for I had left my door ajar as my mistress had done hers), and down the broad staircase, along the hall, and into the garden passage before she had left her room. The baby still slept, and I stood quite still, close by the garden door. In less than ten minutes my mistress, with a candle in her hand, came down the passage too. She was dressed completely, with a bonnet on. She came so hurriedly, so fearfully, and so often looking back, and I stood so much in shadow, in a corner of the doorway, that she didn't see me until she was within a yard or two from me. But, when she did see me, and saw in my face that I knew or guessed all, and when, above every thing, I held the little sleeping baby towards her in my outstretched arms, as though it were the real bar, the real chain, which was to hold her back, she stopped, and, with a strong shiver, sank down powerless on the stone floor of the passage at my feet. I had seized the candle as it fell from out her trembling hand, and set in on a bracket fastened to the wall. Then I kissed her, and cried over her, and said I was sure she would not go. She would let me take a letter out to him—we never spoke his name then, nor afterwards—but she would never go and leave the dear, dear baby! Down in that stone passage, in the dead of night (for it was long past the appointed hour), when all the house were dreaming and at rest, my dear lady and I wept and sobbed together; and all the while the Tempter waited in the moonlight, among the fir-trees, for her who would never come!

My dears, I can never tell you all that passed between my lady and me that night. The whole thing has always been a secret, ever since, from all the world; and, even now, when the chief actors in it are dead, I have named no names.

I only tell you that, by God's mercy working on her heart, and by the unexpected sight of her little child at the last moment before the awful step would have been taken, she was saved. She loved the Tempter, and, by that bitterness, found out, too late, that she had never loved her husband. But I thank God she was saved from a bitterness greater still; known alone to a wretched mother who forsakes her innocent baby, and leaves for it only the memory of her name ruined and disgraced!

She lived, after that terrible night and the illness it cost her were passed, to be cheerful in trying to do her duty, and in time, after a sort, even happy; for she had more children, and loved them as only a dreary wife, with a neglectful, unsuitable husband can. But she died young, after all—no doubt it was for the best—and no one but I ever knew what a great struggle her life had been.

That is my story, my dears. I pray that you may never have to experience what that poor lady had.

We all sat very still, and cried quietly. I think we all *felt* of whom the story was told, but nurse had said it was a secret, and we never afterwards, even to each other, hazarded a guess.

It had its effect. Bella did not marry Mr. Joachim. That unsuitable engagement went off, as a dark, unwholesome night will go off before the rising sun. When my Aunt Dorothea came, a better and healthier life began for all of us: for she was a delightful woman, who, in the course of her useful life chequered with many a trial, had gathered stores of wisdom, sympathy, and kindness, which she exercised abundantly for her nieces' advantage. We are all married now, and, I am thankful to say, congenially and happily. Our father, and our Aunt Dorothea, lie in their quiet graves in the village churchyard; but Nurse Parket survives them all. Very old, but very active, she is the delight of our little children. She lives with me, as the eldest of her nurslings, but often stays with the others, and particularly with Bella, whom she loves as tenderly as she loves me. She often tells my children, and Bella's children, stories that we both well remember, but the one I have recorded she has never told again; nor have I, nor has Bella, ever, in all our long talks with Nurse Parket, referred to it by a single word.

From Chambers's Journal.

A SPANISH NOVELIST.

VISIONS of the immortal knight and squire of La Mancha are conjured up by these words; for, with a few trifling exceptions, Cervantes, until the last few years, has been the novelist of Spain. And is he not so still? the reader may ask. What rival of the chronicler of Dulcinea del Toboso has appeared amid the cork-tree forests and the bright sierras of that sunny land? Not a rival, any more than our Dickens and Thackeray are the rivals of our never-dying Scott. But a novelist, a powerful painter of national manners and customs, has of late arisen in Spain, and, under the pseudonym of Fernan Caballero, has published several very remarkable tales and sketches. As in the case of Miss Bronte, it was for some time a point in dispute whether the author of *The Gaviota*, *The Alameda Family*, and *Honor before Honor*, was a man or a woman; but it is now proved beyond doubt that Fernan Caballero is identical with Señora Bohl da Faber, the daughter of a German merchant who settled at Cadiz, and there married a Spanish lady, distinguished both by talent and high birth. Their daughter married a Spanish nobleman, and enjoyed such favor at court, that, after the death of her husband, she was appointed governess to the Infants of Castile, and now resides at the Alcazar of Seville. Queen Isabella has lately caused a complete edition of her works to be published at the royal expense.

In many of her stories, Fernan Caballero describes the transition period when Andalusia had begun to throw off some of her ancient traditional manners and feelings. The transformation, as usual, commenced with the upper classes; and the writer says: "It is amongst the people that we find the poetry of Spain and of her chronicles. Their faith, their character, their sentiments, all bear the seal of originality and of romance. Their language may be compared to a garland of flowers. The Andalusian peasant is elegant in his bearing, in his dress, in his language, and in his ideas." From *Clemencia*, one of the longest and most interesting of the tales, I will translate the description, evidently drawn from life, of a rich Andalusian landed proprietor.

"Don Martin Ladron de Guevara was one of those great proprietors of land who are so

firmly attached to their villages and to their houses that they seem to form part of them, like figures in bas-relief sculptured on a wall. Don Martin had received no instruction, except in matters of religion; for his parents used to say: 'As he will inherit our property, what does he want of education?' He had never in his life opened a book; yet was he by nature and by instinct a true *caballero*, and he possessed considerable originality and wit, as well as the privilege which rich men in every land have of displaying these qualities, by saying freely whatever comes uppermost. Like a man who has been accustomed to be listened to with deference, Don Martin always spoke in a prompt, open, decided manner; and he would have addressed a king in the same tone which he used towards a beggar. He had always at his service an inexhaustible store of proverbs and dry sayings, which he called his *little gospels*. Don Martin was very charitable; he gave with full hands and without ostentation; setting so little value on his benefactions, and forgetting them so completely, that it used to give him offence when he heard them spoken of or praised.

"In 1804, known in Spain as 'the year of the famine,' when the poor were dying of hunger, and food was enormously dear, Don Martin had his granaries gorged with the produce of a large crop of *garbanzos*.* Every day he caused a portion to be distributed to the poor in his presence; each child carried away one cupful, each woman two, and each man three. One morning, very early, Don Martin's major-domo awoke him from his sound slumbers.

" 'Master,' he said, 'here are a number of muleteers from Seville just arrived, and in great haste to return with their loads of *garbanzos*.'

" 'In great haste!' repeated Don Martin—'a pleasant joke! Tell them that I shall get up at my usual hour, then attend mass, and then eat my breakfast. Afterwards, at nine o'clock, they may speak with me.'

"And Don Martin turned on his side, and was soon fast asleep again. At the appointed hour, he walked leisurely into the courtyard, where the muleteers and a number of poor people were awaiting him.

" 'God save ye!' he said, in his loud, cheerful voice, addressing the former. 'So you want to buy *garbanzos*, eh?'

" 'Yes, Don Martin; and there shall be no dispute about the price; we have brought money enough to pay for them, almost at their weight in silver.'

" 'And they are worth it,' observed the

* A sort of pea, much used for food by the Spanish peasantry.

major-domo. 'Don Alonso Prieto has just sold his for six hundred reals the *fanega*.'

"We know it," replied the men. 'Señor Don Martin, you will make your fortune this year.'

"I am sorry, nevertheless, to tell you that you have come on a bootless errand. I cannot sell you these garbanzos, because they are no longer mine."

"Not yours? Ah, Don Martin, you are jesting with us."

"They are *not* mine, I tell you. Ought not I to know best?"

"Then to whom do they belong?"

"To these good people here," replied Don Martin, pointing to his pensioners. 'Ask them if they will consent to have them sold. My children,' he continued, raising his voice, 'will you sell your garbanzos?'

"A clamor of mingled cries, supplications, and blessings arose in reply."

"But, Señor Don Martin" — persisted the muleteers.

"What! don't you see that the owners refuse to sell them; so, what can I do?" was the reply of the kind old man."

The humorous element is not wanting in these tales. In *One in the Other* there is a capital scene, where a lively young lady, impatient of the addresses of a rich blockhead, who is favored by her parents, tries to scare him away by making pretensions to the most outrageous blue-stockings. She makes verses, she writes books, she has in her portfolio a novel called *William Tell*. "Come," she says to her astounded lover, "I will tell you its plot:—

"William Tell was a noble Scottish mountaineer, who refused to salute the beaver-hat which the English general, Malbrook, had caused to be nailed to a post. This brought about the Revolution and the Thirty Years' War, from which my hero came out victorious, and was proclaimed King of Great Britain, under the name of William the Conqueror. But he tarnished his glory by beheading his wife, the beautiful Anna Bullen. In order to expiate this crime, he sent on a pilgrimage to Palestine his son, Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Richard, on his return, because of his religious zeal, was thrown into prison by Luther, Calvin, Voltaire, and Rousseau, who formed the Directory in France, the same revolutionary Directory which sent to the scaffold that sainted monarch, Louis XIV. It was then that, in order to avoid similar troubles in Spain, the king, Don Pedro the Cruel, established the Inquisition, whence he derives his surname."

* About one hundred weight.

The writer adds: "Nothing could be more comic than the matter-of-fact seriousness with which Casta uttered this string of absurdities; and it was rendered still more so by the fact, that having chosen the historical names and events with which her recollections of operas, sermons, newspapers, and conversations had supplied her, she knew, indeed, that her recital was not exact, but was very far from suspecting the enormity of its anachronisms."

In *Elia, or Spain Thirty Years Since*, we are introduced to a "little old gray-haired woman with a face wrinkled like a raisin, and with eyes as small and as sharp as capsicum seeds." This is Donna Isabel Orrea, widow of the renowned and puissant *Asistente* of Seville, Don Manuel Farsan y Calatrava. The *Asistenta*, as she is called, is a Spanish lady of the old school, more royalist than the king, more Catholic than the pope, loving her old mansion, her old furniture, and her old paintings by Murillo and Velasquez, and being a determined enemy to innovation. She has two ancient servants, her steward Pedro, and her housekeeper Maria, who are both faithfully attached to her, and devoted to her interests, but who wage with each other a perpetual wordy war. On one occasion, in the presence of their mistress, Maria told her adversary that his figure was like a mattress, and his face like the noonday sun. He retorted by comparing the lady's person to a pruned vine-stalk, and her complexion to the parchment of the Indian archives. "I wish," said the *Asistenta*, half vexed and half amused, "that you were married to each other."

"With such a wife, señora," replied Pedro, 'one would have no peace by day; and I'll wager that at night, instead of snoring, she growls.'

"For my part," said Maria tossing her head, 'I'd rather go into a convent at once than take such a lump of dough for my husband.'

"I was once married, señora," remarked Pedro, 'and I would not like a second wife, if it were the Princess of Asturias herself, on account of a story I once heard'—

"Shut up with your foolish stories," cried Maria, sharply.

"Tell it me, Pedro," said his mistress; 'it will amuse me.'

"Well, then, señora, once upon a time there were two friends who were greatly attached to each other, and who agreed that whichever of them died first should appear to the other, and tell him how matters went

in the other world. They were both married, men, and the first who died fulfilled his promise, and appeared to his friend. "How do you get on?" asked the latter. "Famously," replied the ghost. "When I presented myself at the gate above, St. Peter said to me: 'What has been thy life?' " "Señor," I replied, "I am a poor man; I was married"—"Say no more," said his holiness; "pass in; you have gone through purgatory, and now you may enter into glory." Then the apparition vanished, leaving his friend greatly satisfied and consoled. In process of time his wife died, and he married again. When the hour arrived that he was carried out of his house, feet foremost, he presented himself in high spirits to St. Peter. "What has been thy life?" asked the saint. "I was married twice," replied the new-comer confidently, taking a step in advance. "Back, gossip, back!" cried St. Peter, locking the gate in his face: "we have no room in heaven for born idiots!"

The plot of Fernan Caballero's tales is usually very simple, her forte consisting in the lively delineation of national manners, and in the exquisite discrimination of those subtle traits of human nature common to men and women in every land. Elia is the deserted child of a bandit, and has been adopted by the good old Asistenta, who has had her carefully educated in a convent. The Asistenta has a sister, the Marquesa de Val de Jara, who has two sons, one of whom, Don Carlos, falls in love with Elia. His haughty mother opposes the match, greatly to the indignation of his aunt, who believes that her beloved Elia is quite worthy of him. After many touching and admirably described scenes, Elia, after the death of her patroness, retires to the convent where she had been brought up, and her lover falls in battle.

The two old ladies have a married niece, the beautiful Condesa, Clara de Palma, who, having spent some time in France, returns to her Andalucian home, which she immediately begins to reform. Having got every thing arranged according to her wishes, she invites her family to a banquet. The Marquesa was unable to go, but the Asistenta accepts the invitation. On her return, she visits her sister, and gives vent to her indignation. Her first aversion is Don Narciso Delgado, a physician domesticated in her niece's household, and who, she says, "thrusts his pointed nose into every thing." "Fancy, Inez," she says, "when I entered the court, I saw that the beautiful

fountain, with its basin full of colored fishes, the statue of the armed cavalier, and the magnificent box-trees, which were the admiration of Seville, had all been removed. They had torn up the painted tiles which formed the pavement, and made an earthen bank, which they planted with weeping willows. Clara came out to receive me."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, 'how could you touch that ancient statue?'

"Dear aunt," she replied, 'persons of taste considered it defective as a work of art, and disproportionally large. Is it not much more agreeable to see and hear the water falling into these alabaster basins?'

"But the box-trees," I said, 'what fault have you to find with them—were they disproportionally large? The box-trees, which amongst plants are the type of nobility, which are never found growing wild, or near any vulgar house! The box-trees, whose perfume is so peculiar, which never litter the soil with dead leaves, because the seasons find them as unchangeable as though Time did not exist for them! Dignified plants, which form their enormous trunks only after having lived for centuries in those families who regard them with veneration.'

"Aunt," said Clara, 'they were growing in horrid old-fashioned blue and white earthenware pots; and besides, those formal plants cut to shape don't please me, they are so stiff and ungraceful.'

"What answer could I make, Inez, to such nonsense? We went into the house, and then I saw that the great saloon had been despoiled of its magnificent collection of family pictures. Clara remarked carelessly that they had been removed to her husband's town-house. The walls were painted sea-green, and were adorned with portraits of celebrated characters—as our niece called them—in mahogany frames. I looked carefully at them all; and I give you my word, Inez, there was not a single Spaniard amongst them. In place of the cardinal, her great-grandfather's uncle, hung an ugly little old man, with a face like that of a hungry fox. As I was looking at it, up comes that forward Don Narciso.

"That excellent engraving," he said, 'is the portrait of the incomparable Voltaire.'

"Voltaire!" I exclaimed; 'that wicked man whose writings have been prohibited, and whose maxims are condemned in all our pulpits! Well, señor, all I can say is, that his face is worthy of his deeds. Niece, you have made a pretty exchange.'

"We passed into the second saloon—it was no less transformed. The seats of carved marble had disappeared, and in their stead were light mahogany chairs, without arms.

The fine old historical paintings had been removed to the library, and in their places hung engravings which, old woman as I am, Inez, made me blush crimson. There was one of a goddess, as they called her, with very little on her.

"Clara," I said, 'how is it possible that you can exhibit such indecent things?'

"The beautiful ideal is raised above corporeal sentiments," said that precious Don Narciso, again thrusting in his oar.

"Señor," said I, 'I don't know what you mean by the "beautiful ideal;" but I know that bread is bread, and that wine is wine, and that a woman with very little on her is indecent. Clara, Clara, if the Inquisition were in existence, you would have to burn all these prints.'

"Inquisition!" exclaimed Don Narciso, starting backwards; 'señora, that word scorches the mouth which pronounces it, and the eyes which see it.'

"Señor Delgado," I replied, 'if your conscience were as clear as mine, neither the word nor the thing need frighten you.'

"Clara then proposed that we should go into the garden, hoping that what she had done there might please me better than the changes she had made elsewhere. I determined that I would, if possible, abstain from finding fault; but, sister, I could not. You remember at the top of the fountain, the negro mounted on a crocodile, with a plate of pineapples in his hand—so natural. Well, I believe she had sent him to Guinea, to keep company with his living brothers. Then the tortoises, the snakes, the lizards, interspersed with such taste amongst the shells and pebbles, had all disappeared. And the box-trees—here, also, they had been uprooted. All sorts of common shrubs were planted in their place, with unpaved walks winding through them—walks where, if it rained, you should either have a boat, or put on leather shoes, like men. What devastation, Inez! enough to break one's heart. Is it not a shame, Don Pedro?' The steward made no reply.

"Caspita!" exclaimed his mistress impatiently, 'a cannon fired off in his ears would not rouse this worthy man from his apathy.'

"Señora," said Pedro gravely, 'it would not become me to censure the actions of your excellency's niece.'

"Don Pedro is right," said the Marquesa.

"He is not right!" exclaimed the Asisenta peevishly; 'every one ought to censure such proceedings. But to go on with my story. By this time it was three o'clock. "When do we dine, Clara?" I asked. "At five," she replied. "San Antonio!" I exclaimed, "at five! I shall die of hunger first. And my siesta?" Clara ordered a servant to bring me a cup of

soup, and then went to dress; but that soup, made by a French cook, was first-cousin to the chicken-broth which Don Narciso is so fond of ordering, and I lay down on a couch to try if, at least, I could get a little sleep. At five, we sat down to table. There was a man amongst the guests dressed in black, who, the captain-general, who sat next me, said was a celebrated violin-player. "Will you not attend his concert?" asked the general. "I? No, indeed," I answered; 'perhaps I should hear the *Marseillaise*, or something equally wicked.' The covers were removed—no olla! "Clara," I whispered to our niece, who sat at my other side, "your cook has forgotten the olla." "We never eat it, aunt," said she, laughing. I heard Narciso then say to the violin-player:—"A country of routine, *mon cher*—a country of routine! Since the first Spaniard made the first olla, no one can eat any thing else." I pretended not to hear, and tried to eat my dinner, but I could not bear the flavor of the French dishes; so I thought I would wait for the second course. When it came, just fancy!—instead of a turkey and ham, what did they serve but a haunch of venison! "Venison, Clara," I said; "a thing that none but the poor people eat." "Aunt," said she, "I assure you that in London and Paris it is the most esteemed of all meats." The wild fowl offended my nose with their strong smell, and Don Narciso thrust in his sharp one to assure me that in this their chief merit consisted."

The old lady goes on to describe how little the remainder of the entertainment pleased her; and her cup of misfortunes, literally speaking, overflowed in the evening, when, instead of chocolate, the servants presented her with tea. "'Thank you, very much, Clara,' I said; 'I never drink such stuff except when I am ill.' So I took my leave, and here I am, ready, Inez, for a cup of your good chocolate, if you will give it me."

Historical anecdotes, picturesque and romantic legends, are scattered through these tales, and add considerably to their peculiar interest. In *Honour before Honour*, there is a touching description of a young mother returning from her child's funeral. An old neighbor tries to comfort her.

"My child!" exclaimed the poor mother, 'who, when he was born, looked like a flower. Tio Bastian, you, who have your little grandson strong and healthy, do not know what it is for the tree when its flower is torn from it!'

"Its guardian angel has transplanted that flower to another garden, where it shall never be scorched by the sun nor blighted by the frost. If thy angel had done the same for

thee when thou wast born, thou wouldst not have suffered so many troubles, nor shed so many tears."

"That is true, Tio Bastian."

"Then, Maria, why do you murmur loudly? you who were always so gentle and so patient."

"It is," replied she, "because I know that if I had not given that soup to my child, he would not have died. Ah, it was that soup that killed him!"

"Hush, woman, hush!" said the old man; "do children never die without having eaten soup? But so it is—Death is never to blame. They tell that Death did not like the office imposed upon him, and that he presented himself before the Almighty, and prayed that he might be relieved from it. 'And wherefore?' asked the Eternal Father. 'Because, Lord, all the world will abhor me, and call me a cruel tyrant.' 'Be content,' said the Lord; 'I promise that men shall always exculpate you.' And so it has since ever been: sometimes we lay the blame on the food, sometimes on the physician; but we never allow that Death can enter unless the door be opened for him."

In another place our writer says: "Under

the name of *cepa* is known in Spain the peculiar toll of the bell appointed in 1368 by the chapter of the cathedral of Cordova to be rung at the death of the members of certain noble families. It is produced by ringing the great bell with three others; and the privilege is confined to the descendants of Don Alonso Fernandez de Cordoba, Señor de Montemayor, of Don Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordoba, Señor de Aguilar, and of Don Diego Fernandez de Cordoba, Señor de Lucena—in remembrance and recognition of the gallant defence which in 1366 they made of that city against the king, Don Pedro, leagued with the moors of Granada. It happened once, when a queen of Spain died, that a descendant of one of the above-named heroes heard that peculiar tolling of the bell. He asked the reason. 'Señor, the queen is dead.' 'What then!' he said: 'did the queen belong to the *cepa*?'"

One really feels *l'embarras de richesses* in culling extracts from these charming tales; and, fearing to exceed all lawful limits, I shall conclude.

Of the smaller inventions which have lately come under our notice, we have not seen one of greater promise (though it is still improvable) than "Ye penne of a redye wryter," or "Moseley's patent Fountain Pen." The pen is attached to a holder shaped like an ordinary wooden pencil-case; it is not bulky, but straight, compact, and light. This handle is hollow, and it contains the ink. The material employed as a lining is specially selected for being chemically unaffected by ink,—it is vulcanized india-rubber alone which comes in contact with the fluid. The reservoir is filled by a very simple contrivance: on turning a portion of the top, the air is exhausted; the point is dipped into the ink, and the handle fills. A "feeding tube" of hard, vulcanized india-rubber lets the ink flow from the body of the handle to the hollow of the pen. This tube is stopped by a small rod, not unlike an ordinary pin, lying in the tube, with the head outside: on touching a spring, the rod is pushed outwards, the pin's head, which corks the orifice, is removed, and the ink runs into the pen; on removing the pressure the rod flies back, and

the orifice is corked. A touch, therefore, refills the pen, without spilling the ink. It is obvious that such a writing implement would be of great value to men in many situations—to the traveller, the student at lecture, the surveyor making notes, the appraiser, the debater; but one case will illustrate all. We mean that of a reporter, or short-hand writer. As it is here of more importance to make both thick and thin strokes than it is in ordinary writing, a pen is far preferable to a pencil. With a pencil, as the point wears quickly away, thick strokes are made where thin ones are required; the writing, because of its faintness, is occasionally difficult to be transcribed, especially if it be at all rubbed; so that a pencil writing is neither legible nor permanent. Yet to avoid the inconvenience of carrying an inkstand or bottle, and the interruption whilst dipping, reporters are obliged to use lead pencils. The pen we are now using gives the peculiar advantages of pen and ink in combination with the portability and certainty of a pencil.—*Critic*.

From All the Year Round.

OUR NEAREST RELATION.

MEN cannot help feeling a little ashamed of their cousin-german the Ape. His close yet grotesque and clumsy semblance of the human form is accompanied by no gleams of higher instinct. Our humble friend the dog, our patient fellow-laborer the horse, are nearer to us in this respect. The magnanimous and sagacious elephant, doomed though he be to all-fours, is godlike compared with this spitefully ferocious creature. Strangely enough, too, the most repulsive and ferocious of all apekind—the recently discovered gorilla—is, the comparative anatomist assures us, nearest to us of all: the most closely allied in structure to the human form.

Recently discovered to science, we should have said, for rumors of the existence of such a creature reach us from the lips of more than one observant Old Traveller, but were regarded by Cuvier as confused versions of species already known. A very interesting probable allusion has been disinterred from the Voyage of Hanno, the early Cathaginian navigator:—

"On the third day, having sailed from thence, passing the streams of fire, we came to a bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess there was an island like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men. But much the greater part of them were women with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called 'gorillas.' But, pursuing them, we were not able to take the men; they all escaped, being able to climb the precipices, and defended themselves with pieces of rock. But three women (females), who bit and scratched those who led them, were not willing to follow. However, having killed them, we flayed them, and conveyed the skins to Carthage; for we did not sail any farther, as provisions began to fail."

In 1847, Professor Owen received a letter from Dr. Savage, a church missionary at Gaboon, a richly wooded tract in the western part of Africa, enclosing sketches of the cranium of an ape, which he described as much larger than the chimpanzee, ferocious in its habits, and dreaded by the negro natives more than they dread the lion or any other wild beast of the forest. Since that period, the entire skeleton, and also the carcase, preserved in spirits (hideous spectacle to unscientific eyes), have come to the hands of the savans of Europe, among whom they have proved

bones of contention: some assigning the new species a rank above, some below, the chimpanzee. When we shall have drawn our ugly friend's likeness, we shall be better able to indicate the points of difference and of resemblance which have made the doctors differ.

The gorilla is of the average height of man, five feet six inches; his brain case is low and narrow, and, as the fore part of the skull is high, and there is a very prominent ridge above the eyes, the top of the head is perfectly flat, and the brow, with its thick integument, forms a "scowling pent-house over the eyes." Couple with this a deep lead-colored skin, much wrinkled, a prominent jaw with the canine teeth (in the males) of huge size, a receding chin; and we have an exaggeration of the lowest and most forbidding type of human physiognomy. The neck is short; the head pokes forward. The relative proportions of the body and limbs are nearer those of man, yet they are of more ungainly aspect than in any other of the brute kind. Long, shapeless arms, thick and muscular, with scarce any diminution of size deserving the name of wrist (for at the smallest they are fourteen inches round, while a strong man's wrist is not above eight); a wide, thick hand; the palm long, and the fingers short, swollen, and gouty-looking; capacious chest; broad shoulders; legs also thick and shapeless, destitute of calf, and very muscular, yet short; a hand-like foot with a thumb to it, "of huge dimensions and portentous power of grasp." No wonder the lion skulks before this monster, and even the elephant is baffled by his malicious cunning, activity, and strength. The teeth indicate a vegetable diet, but the repast is sometimes varied with eggs, or a brood of young birds. The chief reason of his enmity to the elephant appears to be: not that it ever intentionally injures him, but merely, that it shares his taste for certain favorite fruits. And when, from his watch-tower in the upper branches of a tree, he perceives the elephant helping himself to these delicacies, he steals along the bough, and, striking his sensitive proboscis a violent blow with the club with which he is almost always armed, drives off the startled giant, trumpeting shrilly with rage and pain.

Towards the negroes, the gorilla seems to cherish an implacable hatred; he attacks them quite unprovoked. If a party of blacks ap-

proach unconsciously within range of a tree haunted by one of these wood-demons—swinging rapidly down to the lower branches, he clutches, with his thumbd foot, at the nearest of them; his green eyes flash with rage, his hair stands on end, and the skin above the eyes, drawn rapidly up and down, gives him a fiendish scowl. Sometimes, during their excursions in quest of ivory, in those gloomy forests, the natives will first discover the proximity of a gorilla by the sudden mysterious disappearance of one of their companions. The brute, angling for him with his horrible foot dropped from a tree while his strong arms grasp it firmly, stretches down his huge hind-hand, seizes the hapless wretch by the throat, draws him up into the boughs, and, as soon as his struggles have ceased, drops him down, a strangled corpse.

A tree is the gorilla's sleeping-place by night, his pleasant abode by day, and his castle of defence. If surprised as he waddles along, leaning on his club, instantly he betakes him to all-fours, applying the back part of the bent knuckles of his fore-hands to the ground, and makes his way rapidly, with an oblique, swinging kind of gallop, to the nearest tree. From that coigne of vantage he awaits his foe, should the latter be hardy, or foolhardy, enough, to pursue. No full-grown gorilla has ever been taken alive. A bold negro, the leader of an elephant-hunting expedition, was offered a hundred dollars for a live gorilla. "If you gave me the weight of yonder hill in gold, I could not do it," he said.

Nevertheless, he has his good qualities—in a domestic point of view; he is an amiable and exemplary husband and father, watching over his young family with affectionate solicitude, and exerting in their defence his utmost strength and ferocity. At the close of the rice harvest, the period when the gorillas approach nearest the abodes of man, a family group may sometimes be observed, the parents sitting on a branch, leaning against the trunk, as they munch their fruit, while the young innocents sport around, leaping and swinging from branch to branch, with hoots or harsh cries of boisterous mirth. The mothers show that devotion to their young in times of danger, which is the most universal of instincts. "A French natural history collector" we are quoting, as before, from Professor Owen's memoir on the gorilla, read to the Royal Institution in February, 1859, "accompanying a

party of the Gaboon negroes into the gorilla woods, surprised a female with two young ones on a large boabdad (the monkey bread-fruit-tree) which stood some distance from the nearest clump. She descended the tree with her youngest clinging to her neck, and made off rapidly on all fours to the forest, and escaped. The deserted young one, on seeing the approach of the men, began to utter piercing cries; the mother having disposed of one infant, returned to the rescue of the other, but before she could descend with it, her retreat was cut off. Seeing one of the negroes level his musket at her, she, clasping her young with one arm, waved the other, as if deprecating the shot. The ball passed through her heart, and she fell with her young one clinging to her. It was a male, and survived the voyage to Havre, where it died on arriving."

The gorilla constructs himself a snug hammock out of the long, tough, slender stems of parasitic plants, and lines it with the broad, dried fronds of palms, or with long grass—a sort of bed surely not to be despised, swung in the leafy branches of a tree. By day, he sits on a bough, leaning his back against the trunk, owing to which habit elderly gorillas become rather bald in those regions. Sometimes, when walking without a stick, he clasps his hands across the back of his head, thus instinctively counterbalancing its forward projection. The natives of Gaboon always speak of the gorilla in terms which imply a belief in his close kinship to themselves. But they have a very low opinion of his intelligence. They say that during the rainy season he builds a house without a roof, and that he will come down and warm himself at the fires left by them in their hunting expeditions; but has not the wit to throw on more wood out of the surrounding abundance to keep it burning, "the stupid old man." Mimic though he be, he cannot even catch the trick of human articulation so well as the parrot or the raven. The negroes aver that he buries his dead by heaping leaves and loose earth over the body.

Wherein does the gorilla differ from the previously known anthropoid, or manlike, tailless apes? Of these there are three distinct genera: the gibbon, or long-armed ape, the orang-outang, and the chimpanzee. It is a peculiarity of the quadrumana (or monkey and ape tribe generally) that the brain is very precociously developed. Hence, when they

are young, with small milk-teeth, fully developed brain, and globular-shaped cranium, they look, comparatively speaking, quite promising characters. But, in the large apes, the orang and the chimpanzee, maturity brings a vast access of physical force, without any corresponding enlargement of the brain, which becomes masked and overlaid by the prominence of the brute attributes. The jaws expand to receive the great tusklike teeth; and then, to work such massive jaws, comes a large addition of fleshy fibres to the muscles, and for these great muscles an increased surface of attachment in the corresponding bones. Hence the physiognomy becomes more brutish, and less human, in maturity. Hence, too, the small species of monkeys and apes, in whom this development of physical force does not take place, are far milder and more intelligent looking than the more highly organized orang and chimpanzee when full grown; though these latter have absolutely a larger amount of brain, and several other modifications of the bony structure which bring them in reality, as we have said, nearest to man. Hence, too, it was that Cuvier, who had seen none but young specimens, much exaggerated the nearness of this approach in his *Règne Animal*. The gorilla surpasses the orang and chimpanzee in this peculiarity; and it is the lowering ferocity of his countenance, produced by immense jaws and teeth, the bony prominence over the eyes, and the relative insignificance of the brain, which have induced some naturalists to rank him below the previously known species of chimpanzee.

He has other claims to precedence, besides this cogent one of more brain and a more convoluted brain. The distinctive characteristic of the order, that which supplies it the name, *quadrumana*, is, as we all know, the having hands instead of feet—four hands. And in the comparative anatomist's eyes, the most characteristic peculiarity of man's structure is the great toe; it is mainly this which enables him to walk erect, which constitutes the great difference between a foot and a hand, and entitles him, sole genus of his

order, sole species of his genus, to his zoölogical appellation *bimana*, or two-handed. In the gorilla, the thumb of the hind hand is more like a great toe than it is, either in the orang-outang or chimpanzee: it is thicker and stronger. The heel also, makes a more decided backward projection, and in the forehead, that important member, the thumb, is better developed. A disproportionate length of arm gives, as we notice in the deformed, a singularly awkward and ungainly aspect to the figure. This is a familiar attribute of all monkey-kind, and one which, in its gradual diminution, marks the gradual rise in the scale of organization. In the gibbons, or long-armed apes, these members hang down to the feet, so that the whole palm can be applied to the ground without the trunk being bent. In the orang, they reach the ankle; in the chimpanzee, below the knee; in the gorilla, a little short of the knee; while in man, below the middle of the thigh.

There are other advances of structure interesting to the anatomist, and all tending to support the gorilla's claims to the topmost place. Now and then we come across a human face in which the bony framework of the eye is almost circular, with a repulsive, cunning, monkey-like look. This, though universal, is one of the ugliest characteristics of the monkey. The gorilla, however, is exempt from this particular detail of ugliness; the bony setting of the eye is squarish, as in most men.

Again and again it strikes the fancy—strikes deeper than the fancy—that the honey-making, architectural bee, low down in the scale of life, with its insignificant head, its little boneless body, and gauzy wing, is our type of industry and skill; while this apex in the pyramid of the brute creation, this near approach to the human form, what can it do? The great hands have no skill but to clutch and strangle; the complex brain is kindled by no divine spark; there, amid the unwholesome luxuriance of a tropical forest, the creature can do nothing but pass its life in fierce, sullen isolation—eat, drink, and die?

From The New York Evening Post.
WAR SONGS AND WAR MUSIC.

IN our harmless military parades, where no more tiresome service than a tramp up Broadway is required, the music of the Dodworths and Sheltons is often the best, and to the majority of the spectators the most pleasing, feature of the display, while to those in the line it is quite indispensable in the march. From the earliest days—from the times of Moses down to the present moment—no band of soldiers of any extent has undertaken a march without the enlivening influence of music. The inevitable passion formerly displayed itself in the shawm and sackbut, and is now as fully manifested in the drum, trumpet, cornet, and other instruments that accompany the march of modern armies.

During the last few years military music has made considerable advance. The bands of Austria are almost without rivals, and in Italy the only benefit that the "Tedeschi" have brought to the Italians over whom they were stationed is the music. At Florence the Austrian bands, aided by native Italian musicians, were accustomed to play daily before the palace of the Grand Duke and in the fashionable resort of the Cascine. At Bologna and Ancona, and the various Lombard towns, where the Austrians are stationed in great numbers, the military music is also excellent, and at Rome the French troops indulge the people with a similar luxury, playing almost daily on the Pincian Hill.

In Prussia the military music is considered admirable, and in Turkey, also, it has, under the supervision of Guiseppe Donizetti, the brother of the great composer, attained a high degree of excellence.

But instrumental music is not always enough for the soldier. He desires something beside the ear-piercing fife and the shrill trump. He feels the need of some vocal demonstration, in which he can himself take part. This feeling is universal, and manifests itself in the war whoop of the American savage, as well as in the more finished war songs of the moderns. France, indeed, seems to have the pre-eminence for military songs. First of all is that most thrilling strain of Rouget de l'Isle, the world-renowned Marseillaise, than which there is not a nobler war song in existence. Then follow the *Mourir pour la Patrie*, Queen Hortense's pleasing composition, *Partant pour le Syrié*, and a number of other local and

ephemeral pieces, like the almost childish "*Monsieur Malbro, il est mort*," that serve a good purpose for a time, at least. The English, on the contrary, are almost destitute of such songs. Their great national anthem, "God save the Queen," is with its majestic choral harmonies, utterly unsuited for a war song. During the Crimean struggle the favorite ballad *Annie Laurie*, and a new song, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," were very popular with the soldiers, and were often sung in unison by whole regiments. The Italians, for such a musical people have few if any real war songs. The famous *Suoni la tromba* of Bellini has often served to inspire patriotism and arouse courage, but it can hardly be considered a national war song.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* contains some interesting remarks about the songs for the present European war. We translate the following:—

"From the first day of their entry in that country the future heroes of the Italian war have sought to express, by the choice of the songs with which they enlivened their marches, the unanimous sentiments with which their brave hearts are filled. So far they appear to have a preference for the patriotic refrain, *Mourir pour la Patrie*.

"These couplets, familiarized by the celebrated drama of *Chevalier de Maison Rouge*, and which popular tradition has baptized by the name of the 'Girondist's Song,' are now the cries of the spontaneous enthusiasm awakened in the hearts of our soldiers at the approach of the conflict.

"The words of this war song have really never had the slightest relation to the Girondists, notwithstanding Alexander Dumas; they were written by Marshal Brune while he was yet general of the brigade. It is only a few years since M. Lavardet, the autograph collector, had in his possession the detached pages of a memorandum book on which were yet legible these couplets, written with a pencil by Brune himself, with all the erasures and corrections.

"The *Piemontaise*—words by Auguste Barbier, and music by Madame Dentu—is also frequently sung along the boulevards and in the suburbs. It reads as follows:—

"Peuple de France, en guerre, en guerre !
Enfants des champs, enfants de la cité,
Levons-nous tous, aux armes ! notre mère
A dans les cieux agité sa bannière,
En guerre pour la liberté ! (Bis.)

"Ah ! cette fois c'est la dernière,
C'est le dernier des grands combats ;
Encor quelques jours de misère,
Encor la foudre et ses éclats.

Et puis dans une paix profonde,
Pour toujours, les peuples du monde
Reposeront leur membres las. (*Bis.*)

“Loin de nous de prendre l'épée
Pour avilir les nations,
Peser sur leur terre usurpée
Et souffleter leurs vieux blasons :
Nous voulons, guerriers magnanimes
Délivrer de nobles victimes
De l'échafaud et des prisons ! (*Bis.*)

“Oui, nos bras s'arment pour défaire
L'œuvre injuste des anciens rois,
Pour relever de la poussière
Le front d'un grand peuple aux abois,
Et sans intérêt, sans colère,
L'aider à ressaisir sur terre
Son rang véritable et ses droits. (*Bis.*)

“Italie, ô sœur malheureuse !
Ton cri n'est point oublié
De sa nourrice de beauté.
Pour tous les trésors de science
Que tu versas sur notre enfance
Nous te rendrons la liberté. (*Bis.*)”

In Piedmont, continues the *Courrier*, the military musicians welcome our soldiers by

playing the Marseillaise ; but, what a Marseillaise ! A Marseillaise Italianized and tricked out with flourishes and cadenzas that metamorphose this energetic air into a pleasing dance tune—a real boarding-school-miss Marseillaise.

Both in Paris and the provinces the *Châlet* has never been so popular, and the spectators invariably demand a repetition of the lines:—

“Dans le service de l'Autriche

Le militaire n'est pas riche.

Chacun sait ça.”

It is a noticeable fact that real war music has always been dreaded by despotic governments. There are countries where no one dare raise a note of the Marseillaise. But now it is sung by troops all the way from Paris to Rome. It re-echoes in the passes of the Alps, and arises from the plains of Lombardy. To the Italians it is already a signal of relief and rescue, and may yet be a coronation anthem of triumph and liberty.

RUSSIA AGAIN.—The powerful autocrat of the North has neither forgotten nor forgiven the insensibility of Austria to the appeals of his father some three or four years ago. France was directly hostile. Austria stood sluggishly neutral. But the inert and obstinate apathy of the latter was more provoking and injurious to Russia than the positive aggression of the former. The time for Russia repaying Austria has arrived, and the Czar seems neither slow nor reluctant to repay the Kaiser. Some of the most distinguished students of prophecy maintained during the Russian war, that Russia was destined yet to absorb Constantinople, cleave her way to Jerusalem, and, surrounded by conflicting armies, to strike her last blow and perish in the stroke ; that her coalition with France was indicated in the Sacred Page ; and that Britain, with all her colonial dependencies, would be involved in the mêlée. These interpreters were derided at the time by *Punch*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Weekly Dispatch*. But without committing ourselves either to them, or the *exegesis* which conducted them to these anticipations, we cannot help saying that at this moment their outline of the future is filling up with singular exactness. What was thought the dream

of the enthusiast, is now the record of the daily journal and the subject of history. It was thought impossible that Russia could emerge in at least a dozen years from the wreck in which the mad ambition of the Czar involved her, and that her memorable sign-board, “the way to Constantinople,” must for many years indicate the road in vain. The news of the last week dissipates the confidence of statesmen and actualizes what was called the imagination of the prophet. An Eastern and a Western empire is already talked about. Treaties thought lasting as a generation are already torn to shreds. The imprisoned passions of despot and democrat are let loose, and Europe is likely to become the paradise which John Bright longs to see in England. Where the guilt actually lies it is very difficult to decide. At times it looks as if Austria alone were the criminal. Again Napoleon seems to be deeply implicated. Sardinian obstinacy is next adduced. Really, it looks as if some fiend, or rather legion of fiends, had taken possession of rulers and subjects, and started a carnival that a long and hard Lent will not be able to expiate. Be the solution what it may, few can look into the future without fear and dismay.—*The Press*, 30 April.

From Punch.

THE POLITE NOVELIST.

OUR excellent old friend, the *Standard*, whose youth is renewed like the beadle's, shares, with the rest of the penny press, the provincial fault of admitting quantities of correspondence of the most anile and twaddling kind. Like children, our Penny friends are proud of receiving a letter, no matter what is in it; and the correspondents of the Cheap Press are, generally speaking, awful pumps. But there are occasional exceptions, and in the *Standard*, the other day, there appeared a letter, signed, J. C. Hodgson, 13 Durham Street, Scarborough, which seems to us to demand the most respectful attention.

It is headed, "A Hint to our Novel Writers," and is an amiable protest against the practice pursued by certain writers of fiction, in making the uneducated personages of their stories talk as uneducated personages do, instead of elevating their diction into purity and elegance. Our friend (for *Mr. Punch*, who is always improving everybody, is the *ex officio* friend of all philanthropists) must be permitted to speak in his own delicate way:—

"Sir,—Allow me in your judiciously Conservative and valuable paper, to call the attention of those novel writers who wish to improve the public taste, and inculcate a pure and undefiled mode of speaking in conversation, to the mistaken views they entertain as to the way of accomplishing this. Let me in all respect tell those gentlemen, that representing the language as it is commonly spoken among the poorer and uneducated classes is not the most happy way. It may show considerable ingenuity on the part of the author, but it also shows bad taste, and can only assist to keep the illiterate and inelegant talker illiterate and inelegant still, by administering no corrective, flattering his foibles of speech, and leaving him in the mire of his ignorance and lingual imperfection, instead of transmuting the vile elements that debase his tongue into good matter, that may minister unto edification and wisdom, by presenting to his lips the pure and invigorating waters of a refined and graceful diction."

Surely nothing can be more truly elegant than this passage, and its logic must carry conviction to every right-minded writer. Why—but we despair to improve upon the censor:—

"Why not, unlike the author of *Adam Bede* and many beside him, put such language as

ought to be spoken into the mouths of characters, whose conversation is naturally barbarous and defective, instead of depicting it in all its hideousness and deformity to the detriment of every reader, whether educated or not—the former it imperceptibly leavens, the latter it saturates? Better Grandisonian elegance than 'pre-Raphaelite' barbarity? Better a work of pure ideality than a 'faithful portrait' of the times, a corrupt photographic reality, with all its tattered and many habiliments hanging about it—a scarecrow to humanity?"

After a little additional touching expostulation to the same effect, our friend Hodgson bestows a kick upon *Sam Slick* and *Sam Weller*, and remarks that their style is calculated "to propagate and perpetuate a lingual and moral darkness that may be felt." By a darkness that may be "felt," he does not mean a black hat, but an Egyptian obscurity. And he adds, that even if the editor of the *Standard* "demurs to the severity" of this criticism, Hodgson trusts that "insertion will not be refused." Insertion, we are happy to say, was not refused.

Mr. Punch,—who is the soul of euphism and elegance, and who has never from the first day of his birth to the present hour ever set one of his diamonds of thoughts except in the purest gold of words,—can have no kind of objection to the doctrine propounded by his friend Hodgson. Why should we not all be polite and graceful? Why should we smear our pages with the talk of the streets any more than with its mud? He himself is so convinced that Hodgson is right, that, by way of supporting that gentleman's arguments by example, *Mr. Punch* will somewhat prematurely give to the world an extract from a novel with which he has been retained, at the sum of £1,000 per week, to entrance the world, through the columns of a penny journal of fiction. For the purposes of the story, it has been necessary to describe the home of one of the drivers of those vehicles, which inhabitants of the metropolis may engage at a limited stipend, calculated on the lapse of time or the conquest of distance; and this conversation, framed on the Hodgsonian principle, takes place:—

"Depositing upon the couch, with some irritation of manner, the well-worn instrument wherewith he was accustomed to stimulate to rapidity the energies of his reluctant quadruped, William the Omnivorous (coarsely called

among his equals Glattony Bill) demanded the mid-day repast.

"Exacerbation might have been detected in the tone in which the feminine partner of his life and carés apprised him that his demand was premature.

"You are not more deficient than myself, William," she said, "in the power of ascertaining, by a glance at the dial, how far the day has advanced; and that consultation will show you that fifteen minutes have yet to elapse before the sun is at its meridian, the appointed hour of banquet."

"What I now require, Sarah," responded the omnivorous one, "is, not a statement from your lips, but viands to pass between my own."

"And may I ask," returned the undaunted Sarah, "whether it be your desire to receive what you wish for at the present moment, or to delay until the same be placed before you?"

"I would not have you unmindful," said her stern lord, "that unguarded language on your part has, at no more distant date than the recently passed evening, eventuated in manual remonstrance on mine, and that what has once occurred is capable of repetition."

"There is no need to apprise me," replied Mrs. William, "that the vice which the ancient Spartans deemed more disgraceful than any other (need I name cowardice?) is not without its antetype under this roof; but I may add that, upon the present occasion, the iron-monger's art has furnished me with a means

of defence, with which your phrenological developments will, upon provocation, become unfavorably connected."

"The stern man smiled.

"Courage," he said, "commands my regard; and I should state that which is irreconcilable with truth, did I deny that you, Sarah, are, fundamentally, a favorable specimen of the genus woman."

"In the cot, as in the palace, woman's heart ever vibrates to the words of kindness, even as the Æolian harp whispers sweetness to the kiss of the wandering wind of heaven. In a moment she was sobbing on his manly bosom.

"But their happiness was as brief as the life of a dew-drop on the spangled spray, for the next instant an outcry as of pain was heard, and the faithful Tilburina, the feline guardian of the household (playfully christened 'Tib' by the abbreviating fondness of its infantine members) sprang with a bound from her resting-place, hissing and spitting as vehemently as the contents of the domestic utensil left by the affectionate wife to its fate, while she sought her rest on the heart of her husband.

"May my place in a future state of existence be other than Paradisaical," said he, with a smile, "if those condemned Hibernian roots are not escaping from ebullition."

And so on. *Mr. Punch* has strong thoughts of dedicating his novel to Mr. Hodgson, of Scarborough.

MR. CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A., the celebrated artist, whose death on the 5th inst. in London is announced, was born in that city, October 19, 1794. His parents, who were natives of Maryland, sailed for Philadelphia when the future painter was about five years old. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a bookseller in Philadelphia, but neglected his business for his pencil, with which he had, when only six years old, shown skill. He was in the habit of making water-color drawings of players at the theatre, among which, one of Cooke in the character of Richard III., attracted so much attention, as to lead to young Leslie's adoption of the profession of an artist. After he had received some preliminary instructions from Mr. Sully, he set out for London, where, shortly after his arrival he sent home his first oil-picture, "Walter of Deloraine," from "Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel." This painting is now in the Academy at Philadelphia. In 1832 Mr.

Leslie accepted the position of Professor of Drawing at West Point, which he resigned, after a few months' service, and returned to England, where he has since resided. His career as an artist has been very successful; but the critics say that his works in the Royal Academy exhibition this year show a failing eye and hand. Among his celebrated pictures are a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, owned by Mr. Ticknor of Boston, "Ann Page and Slender," owned in this city, "Visit of Lady Blarney and Miss Skeggs to the Vicar of Wakefield's Family," of which engravings are common; "May Day in the reign of Elizabeth," "Touchstone and Audrey," "The reading of the Will of Roderick Random's Godfather."

Mr. Henry C. Carey of Philadelphia, who married a sister of Mr. Leslie, sailed by the *Fulton* on the 30th to see his brother-in-law. Major Leslie of the United States Army is a brother of the deceased artist.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CHURCH'S "HEART OF THE ANDES."

THE Rev. Mr. Cuyler gives the following notice of the artist himself, as well as of the celebrated painting, in the columns of the *Christian Intelligencer*:—

"Church's new picture (which left last week in the 'Persia' for London) is thrice as large as his 'Niagara.' It is not a single view of one South American landscape, but a combination of several isolated scenes grouped together. Very much as if a man had painted Trenton Falls in the foreground, and a distant view of Lake George in the background, lying under the shadow of Mount Washington. Each several part might be correct; the only inaccuracy being in the introduction of them all into one landscape.

"The 'Heart of the Andes' is a complete condensation of South America—its gigantic vegetation, its splendid Flora, its sapphire waters, its verdant pampas and its colossal mountains—into a single focus of magnificence. Just as the heart is the essence of a good man, so is this painting the very core of tropical beauty. In the foreground is a cataract, overhung with gigantic forests, tangled with an undergrowth of precocious vines and flowering plants. To English eyes, accustomed only to their stunted oaks, these Andean trees will look as did the Brobdingagian forest to 'Lemuel Gulliver.' On the bark of one of them the noonday sun is shooting a slant ray or two, making it glow as if ready to kindle into a blaze. In the centre of the picture are swelling green uplands and dim, distant forests; but behind all rise the twin giants—Chimborazo, with its diadem of ice, and a portentous mountain clothed in cloud canopies, like Sinai at the giving of the law. To describe the picture in detail is like attempting a sunrise on the Righi. We will leave that for our readers to enjoy for themselves, when England has finished her feast upon it and sent it home again to its birth-land.

"We had the good fortune to get our first view of the 'Heart of the Andes' before the

crowd had 'got upon the scent' and rendered a quiet study of the picture an impossibility. We were not more interested in a look at the painting itself than at the painter, who happened to be present. He has a boyish look, a pale, eager countenance, and belongs to that quick, restless class, who flame up so fiercely, and alas! burn out their brilliant lives so soon! Yet this slender youth has already put his immortality on canvas. As we looked at the little group gathered before Mr. Church's picture we thought, what an age is this for young men! Before the painting stood Huntington, still in his youth, although his 'Mercy's Dream' was given to the world fifteen years ago. Beside him was the handsome face of George W. Curtis, whose 'Potiphar Papers' came very soon after his college diploma. A popular city pastor sat next to him, who had addressed delighted crowds at two-and-twenty. We might have gone out and called in Paul Morphy, the city's lion just now, and the beardless boy who has check-mated Europe. This is the age for young men. For foolish, heady youths, an age of speedy ruin; for muscular, masculine young Davids of sinew and solidity, there is no Goliath too strong, no crown that may not be won. The 'Heart of the Andes' is a picture for young men. It is luxuriant in rapid growth. It has a glassy river flowing on under o'er-arching verdure until it plunges over a precipice—an allegory of the sensualist's career. To gaze up into those mountain heights is like reading Longfellow's 'Excelsior,' an inspiration to do and dare great achievements. There is a flashing peak of alabaster brightness in the far-away distance, which recalls the Apocalyptic visions of heaven.

"Let the aspiring youth who gazes at this matchless picture bear in mind that it is only he who spurns the seductive waves of temptation, and bravely masters the 'Hills of Difficulty' for Christ's sake, that shall yet make good his entrance to the golden glories of the New Jerusalem. T. L. C."

HEATING QUALITIES OF DIFFERENT WOODS. The heavy and dense woods give the greatest heat, burn the longest and have the densest charcoal. To the dense woods belong the oak, beech, alder, hazel, birch, and elm; to the soft, the fir, the pine of different sorts, larch, linden, willow, and poplar; these different woods giving out heat in proportion to the relative quantities

of their carbon. For fuel the most valuable of the common kinds of wood are the varieties of the hickory; after that, in order, the oak, the apple-tree, the white ash, the dogwood, and the beech. The woods that give out the least heat in burning are the white pine, the white birch, and the poplar.

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